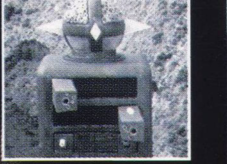
DOMINATED! The Time Team submit to the Quarks



DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

Orbital versus Frazer Hines

Doctor Who and pop music – the awful truth!

Video nasty!

The making of *Vengeance on Varos*

My date with Davros

Rula Lenska and others recall their nights on set with the Daleks' creator!

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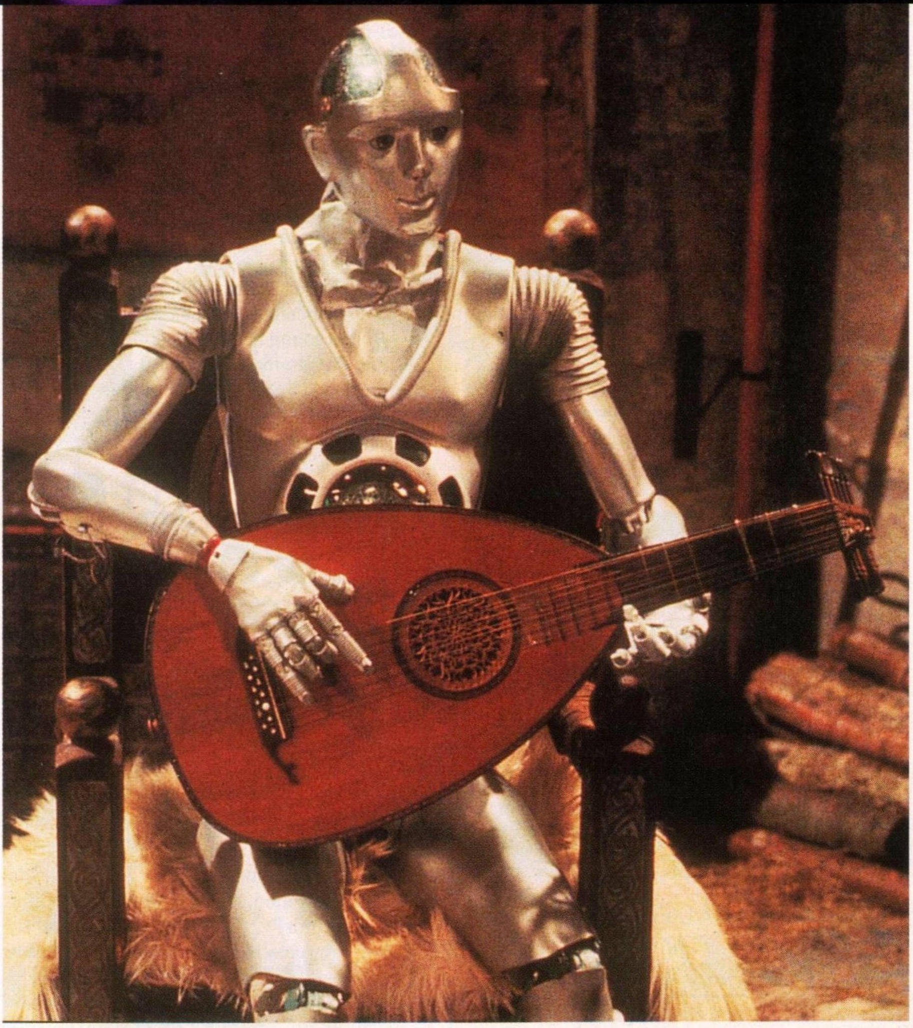
DWM 309

'What was his name? Stavros? Zeros?'



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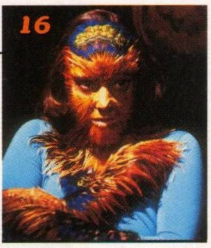
Invasion of the hit parade!

Kamelion may have been a Metal Guru, but 20th century boys and girls were never going to get down to his *War Song* (not at six and a half bpm, anyway). On the main stage: Orbital, The Beautiful South, The Human League, Gary Glitter and, er, Frazer Hines ...



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Editor's letter REMAKE/REMODEL

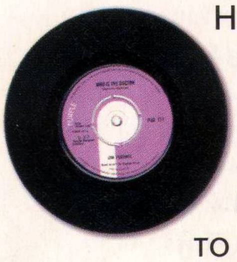
The news that next year's DVD release of *The Ark in Space* will contain the option to view Space Station Nerva as a state-of-the-art CGI creation instead of an augmented washing-up bottle among pin-pricked stars [see *Gallifrey Guardian*], will, in all probability, prove a tad controversial. Whereas the work done on the Androzani Minor skyscape not so long ago was clearly a correction of an unsatisfactory effect, approved and applauded by the story's director, a spanking new, Wirrn-bedecked Beacon – optional or no – is surely in a different league altogether.

Whereas I know of fans who insist that old stories should be viewed exactly as originally broadcast – I've even heard it said that *The Armageddon Factor* Part Five should only ever be seen with a break in transmission halfway through! – not a month goes by here in the office when we don't receive a letter from someone wanting to know, 'Why can't they put out *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, but with good, *Jurassic Park*-style T Rexes instead of those rubbishy old bendy models? I mean, if the BBC could do *Walking With Dinosaurs*, why not this?'

Well, because it would cost a great deal of cash for very little net gain. Yes, the dinos are pretty distracting as it stands – but once you've started, when do you stop? I once read one-time Marvel UK employee turned Pet Shop Boy Neil Tennant (your cue to check out this issue's lead feature) fretting about which remix he could call 'definitive'. Where does a song end? Which is the last brushstroke on the canvas?

Search me. All I do know is that no-one would care if *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* wasn't something people still wanted to watch – exciting, relevant, interesting. But if the Restoration Team do get the chance, perhaps they'd sort out that Action Man tank in *Robot*, too? Oh, and Paintbox out all the dodgy eyeshadow in every 1980s story while they're at it. Paying special attention to the Doctors, of course.

Maim that tune!



HIT AFTER HIT AFTER CHART-TOPPING HIT! NON-STOP PUMPING BEATS FROM FRAZER HINES, ROBERTA TOVEY, JON PERTWEE, WHO CARES (FEAT. SALLY THOMSETT) – ALL MIXED BY DJ DAVID BAILEY! NO HOME CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THE VERY BEST OF DOCTOR WHO'S EXCITING ADVENTURES IN THE HIT PARADE! OUT NOW! UM, EXCEPT IT ISN'T QUITE LIKE THAT ...

Doctor Who fans have never been known for their pop cultural savvy. We've all been there: the cold, grey playground of our youth, shunted to the edges of school society, our only friends the asthmatic fat kid and the girl with the NHS specs who smells of milk. While other children got excited about the new releases from the Bay City Rollers or T-Rex, Duran Duran or Kim Wilde, we were left with our scratched Mankind singles and, in later days, such wonders as *Doctor in Distress* and *Doctorin' the Tardis*.

And yet, only this year, *bona fide* hip musical outfit Orbital released the album *The Altogether*, complete with their block-rocking version of the *Doctor Who* theme. While it may bring back one too many memories of the Time Lord's cheesy efforts at credibility, at least it seems some of today's kids are getting down to the tune we've known for years – the good Doctor is actually funky.

There's no greater barometer of a person's hipness than their taste in pop music, which is why Orbital's open fondness for *Doctor Who* is so surprising. The formula is usually something like 'Radiohead = cool/sci-fi = not'. But the balance isn't quite equal; liking Radiohead isn't enough to completely negate the social stigma of liking *Doctor Who*. This rings through time, back to the playground, where the purchase of the new Human League single (c/w Tom Baker) was actually a measure of your unfashionable fandom, not of your predilection for British electropop. Which is why *Who is Dr Who?*, RPM's recent collection of musical *Doctor Who* ephemera, was so cathartic; allowing us fans a chance to finally buy and enjoy all those trashy songs, in the full and clear acknowledgement that it's only because they're connected to our favourite series (albeit with the grown-up caveat that they've been digitally remastered, and are presented for posterity on pristine CD). Could it be that, in the modern atmosphere of nostalgia and retro-chic, *Doctor Who* might actually be coming back into fashion?

The formula is usually something like 'Radiohead = cool/sci-fi = not'

Looked at with hindsight, there were roughly two periods when the series was trendy, when everyone (except the most crushingly dull counter-cultural hipsters) would happily say they enjoyed *Doctor Who*, and when the show itself had some sort of impact more far-reaching than Saturday teatimes. The first of these was undeniably the 'Dalekmania' of the mid-1960s, a time when you couldn't move in toyshops without knocking over a (Toyah-approved) PVC Dalek costume or slipping on a Rolykin. Eric Winstone and his Orchestra were the first to try and cash in on *Doctor Who*, releasing a limp version of the series' theme shortly after the Beeb released the *bona fide* Radiophonic Workshop one. Neither were chart-bothering in terms of sales. Most famously, however, this era spawned the Go Go's' *I'm Gonna Spend My Christmas With a Dalek* (released December 1964, but didn't chart), a cheesy little number sung (rather creepily) by the 17 year-old Sue Smith as if she were still in junior school. It seems to work on the record's nasal Dalek, though, who was very soon begging, "Please-may-I-have-some-more-plum-pud-ding-and-cus-tard?"

I'M GONNA SPEND MY CHRISTMAS WITH A DALEK
ORIOLE
the go go's

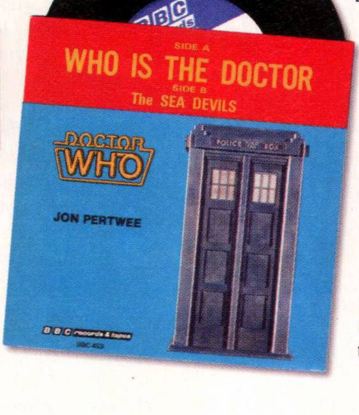
Dalekmania continued into the following year, intensifying as *Dr Who and the Daleks* stormed Britain's picture houses. Malcolm Lockyer's theme from the film, *The Eccentric Dr Who*, was released as a single, though it would have been more at home heading a swanky ITC television serial. The movie also spawned one of the catchier – though perhaps also the most nauseating – tie-in singles: *Who's Who* by big-screen Susie, Roberta Tovey. She couldn't hold a tune in a bucket, but that didn't stop her being pushed into a recording studio to create this chirpy little ditty, with its talk of big spaceships and funny little smiles, and its B-side *Not So Old*. This song's refrain, "If you wait for me, I will marry you," sung quite obviously to a much older man, was probably seen as all sweet ness and innocence then. Nowadays, of course, it would have incited a *News of the World* hate campaign before you could say 'Grandfather'! Might have made the record a hit, though ...

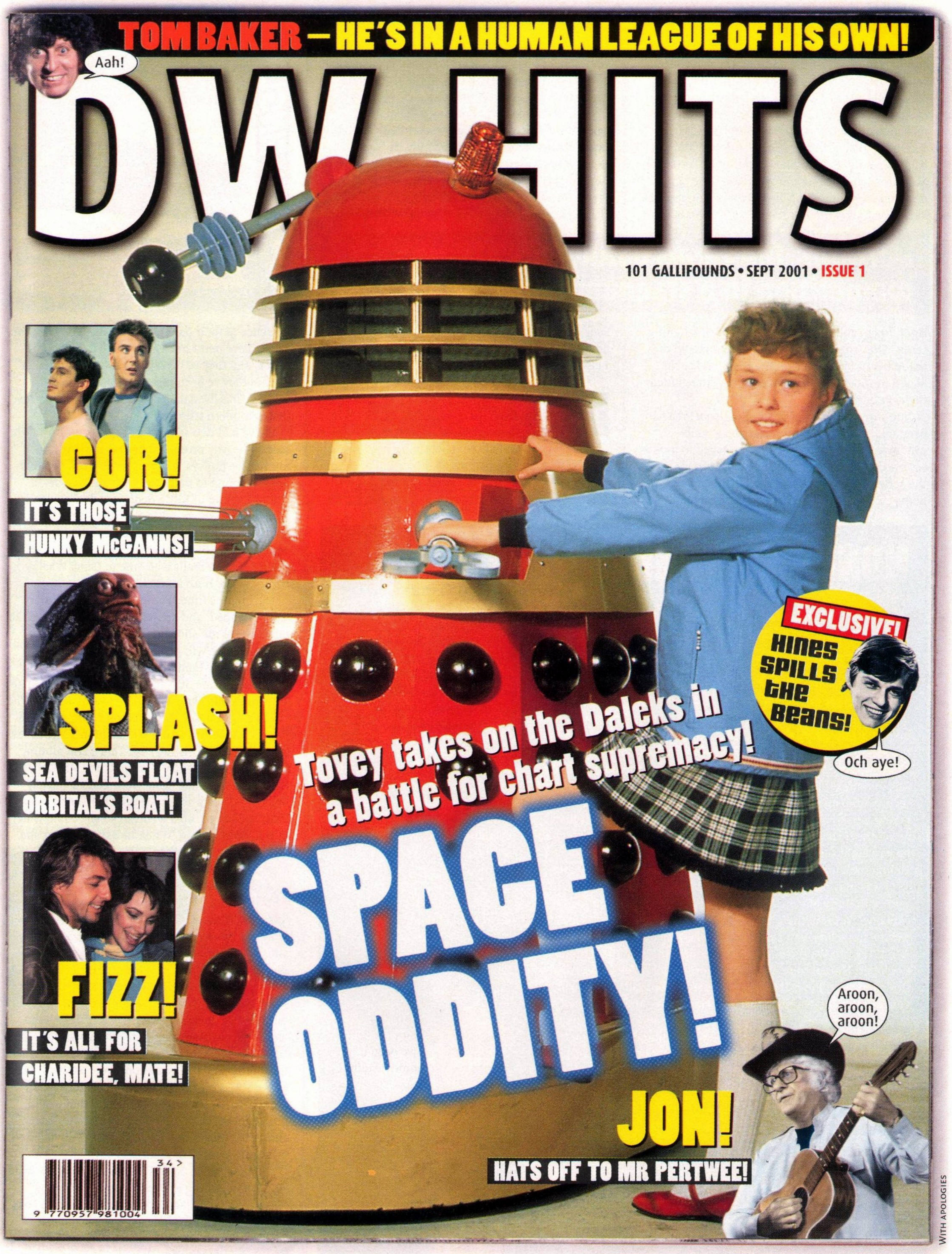
On the telly, meanwhile, William Hartnell regenerated into Patrick Troughton, and the young Frazer Hines joined the series as Jamie McCrimmon, complete with saucy sporran and 'TV Scots' brogue. Hines explains that there was a feeling at the time that he could capitalise on his success – and that of *Doctor Who* – by releasing a single. But it was all easier said than done, and even when Hines finally recorded and released the semi-psychedelic *Who's Dr Who?* it didn't make the charts [see boxout].

Hines admits that there was a general feeling that the A-side should actually have been *Punch and Judy Man*, the single's B-side: "[record label] Major Minor were, of course, trying to flog it on the back of *Doctor Who*," he says, "and instead of using 'Frazer Hines, from *Doctor Who*!' they tried to sell the programme first. I think if it had been the other way round, it would have sold a hell of a lot more records."

Four years later, in December 1972, Jon Pertwee (via the label owned by prog-rockers Deep Purple, bizarrely) unleashed the frankly mental *Who is the Doctor* on an unsuspecting – some might say undeserving – public. *Pure Mystery*, the single's b-side, was awfully similar to Noel Coward's *If Love Were All* in its spare, melancholy musical arrangement and tale of a man whose only foot in the door of life is his "talent to amuse". I'll leave you to guess which song is better. *Who is the Doctor* ultimately ended up in the cosmic wastes, beyond the latitude of human minds, and it wasn't until Pertwee released *Worzel's Song* in 1980 that he had a hit (albeit only charting at number 33). Even the June 1985 re-release of *Who is the Doctor* (backed by Blood Donor's barely-noticed *Doctor ...?*) failed to chart. Obviously Worzel Gummidge's singing head held more sway with the public than a shock of white hair. "Know me!" No thanks.

The first *Doctor Who* record to actually make the charts (at a fairly respectable number 25, and with a *Top of the Pops* performance to boot) was Mankind's 1978 bonkers disco stomper version of the theme – which neatly coincided with the second period of the show's trendiness. Around the time of the record's release, Season 16 was in full flow and the golden era of the show's popularity was just around the corner. We've all heard the stories of gatherings in university common rooms every Saturday night to watch the Doctor's latest adventures, and what more critical arbiters of popular culture are there than self-consciously hip




TOM BAKER – HE'S IN A HUMAN LEAGUE OF HIS OWN!
Aah!
DW HITS
101 GALLIFOUNDS • SEPT 2001 • ISSUE 1
COR!
IT'S THOSE HUNKY McGANNS!
SPLASH!
SEA DEVILS FLOAT ORBITAL'S BOAT!
FIZZ!
IT'S ALL FOR CHARIDEE, MATE!
EXCLUSIVE!
HINES SPILLS THE BEANS!
Och aye!
Tovey takes on the Daleks in a battle for chart supremacy!
SPACE ODDITY!
Aroon, aroon, aroon!
JON!
HATS OFF TO MR PERTWEE!

WITH APOLOGIES

undergraduates? But students are fickle things ...

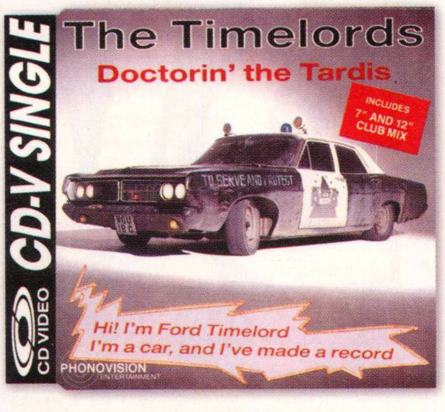
It was to be another ten years before *Doctor Who* rematerialised in the charts. The public (well, five million of them) had just waved a less-than-fond farewell to Season 24 when, in March 1988, the Timelords released *Doctorin' the Tardis*. While we fans muttered darkly about the liberties taken with series terminology ("It's an acronym, for heaven's sake!"/"It's two words, you know!"), people who got out more were rushing to buy the single. It stayed in the charts for nine weeks, eventually reaching the dizzying pinaccle of Number One. It's no secret now that the people behind the Timelords were Jimmy Cauty and Bill Drummond – who, as the KLF and the Justified Ancients of Mu Mu (among other names), made an awful lot of money before turning into self-styled 'art terrorists' and burning a million pounds of their pop-gotten gains.

Quite why *Doctorin' the Tardis* was such a hit is difficult to say. It was Number One during the summer months, a time traditionally associated with novelty records, and it hardly faced much competition in a stagnant music scene desperate for the renaissance that acid house and the rave movement would provide later the same year. It was a year that also brought us Number One hits from Bros, Kylie Minogue, Tiffany and Glenn Medeiros, after all, so maybe people were simply desperate for something a bit different. *Doctor Who* itself was hardly hip in 1988; viewing figures were right down, and the series was a critical laughing stock. This same atmosphere had scuppered the the remix of Mankind's theme (*Doctor Who: The Sequel*) in 1984, and 1985's shockingly misguided *Doctor in Distress*.

The story of the latter is simple: *Doctor Who* had been taken off the air after Season 22 while producer John Nathan-Turner was asked to look at reworking the show. Long-time campaigner for the series, record producer Ian Levine (who later helped Take That to chart success), decided to do something about what was, at the time, suspected to be an outright cancellation of the show. He roped in lead actors Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant, and a somewhat motley collection of celebrities – recent series guest star Faith Brown, Justin Hayward from the Moody Blues, Hazel Dean, Mike Nolan of Bucks Fizz ... The list goes on, but gets no better. The resultant single aimed for the profile of Band Aid (all proceeds went to Cancer Relief), captured the quality of *The Chicken Song*, and failed to match the success of either. Of course, using Who Cares? as a band name hardly helped matters.

Doctorin' the Tardis hardly faced much competition in a stagnant music scene

So the 1990s began, the series slipped quietly from the airwaves and *Doctor Who* entered a long fallow period as far as the public was concerned. But something interesting happened. In that great English tradition of championing the underdog, the national newspapers made sure that *Doctor Who* retained a regular presence in their pages. As time has gone on, the public have never been allowed to forget the series, and they've been constantly reminded of the fun they've been missing. *Doctor Who*'s memory has lived on as part of the nostalgia-fest that is modern television.



We've had two seasons of repeats on BBC2, the second heavily promoted by fast-moving and impressive trailers, a high-profile week of BBC1 programming to mark the 30th anniversary, a whole evening of BBC2 dedicated to the nostalgic cachet of the show ... It's almost as if the 1996 Paul McGann TV Movie is seen as an unwanted, embarrassing blip, too brash and too much of a show-off to be really welcome in *Doctor Who*'s cosy corner of the retro market.

During this time, a common pop vocabulary has developed, and artists have been free to make reference to the show in their songs, knowing their audience will get the joke. The Beautiful South, in their 1999 hit *How Long's a Tear Take to Dry?*, tell the tale of a man unable to love because "my heart was like a TARDIS – I went and lost the key in a fight". Robbie Williams pours scorn on fickle trendsetters and their "fashion TARDIS" in the title track of his 1997 *Life Thru a Lens* album. Meanwhile, the much-missed Kirsty MacColl, in *Here Comes That Man Again* from 2000's *Tropical Brainstorm*, sings about the time her Dutch Internet lover tried to rig up a webcam so she could watch him ... do his thing. When he asks whether she can see him, she replies, "No, babe. You look like a ghost and sound like a Dalek to me."

And then there's the small number of bands who've embraced *Doctor Who* in a far more hip, and less overt, fashion than a simple cash-in. The most famous example is probably the Human League and the aforementioned B-side to their 1981 near-miss *Boys and Girls*, the legendary Radiophonic Workshop tribute *Tom Baker*. A number of bands have taken inspiration from the show when finding their names (but not, sadly, The Delgados, who named themselves after Spanish cyclist Pedro Delgado): we've had Dalek OK! and Dälex, but the most famous Kaled mutations were probably Dalek I Love You. This Liverpool-based band helped pioneer the synth-based pop sound that would dominate much of the 1980s' charts; they later shortened their name to Dalek I, but still failed to find any commercial success – which was a shame, since *Dalek I's Talk* is an interview headline waiting to happen. In his autobiography, Julian Cope describes Dalek I Love You's live show as "a weird mixture of uncool and brilliant" – a perfect description of how pop culture now sees *Doctor Who*.

It's always been left to us fans to explain the exact whys and wherefores of the show's greatness. So, when the continuing existence of *Doctor Who* was left pretty much to the fans, can you blame them for trying to make things a bit more trendy? When Virgin Publishing launched the *New*

NONE-HIT WONDER!

WHERE IS HE FROM? WHAT DOES HE DO? WELL, HE'S FRAZER HINES FROM TV'S *DOCTOR WHO*, AND HE TRIED TO BE A POP STAR ONCE ...

Soon after Frazer Hines arrived on *Doctor Who*, as Troughton era mainstay Jamie McCrimmon, the idea of him recording a single was mooted. While it was initially difficult to find a record label interested in taking a risk on the young actor, the involvement of some heavyweight tunesmiths changed their minds ...

"I was playing football at the time with Barry Mason," Hines explains. "Around then, he was writing huge hits with Les Reed; *The Last Waltz* for Englebert Humperdinck and *Delilah* for Tom Jones [Number One in 1967 and Number Two in 1968 respectively]. He offered to write me a number, and they came up with *Who's Dr Who*, and he got me straight into Major Minor Records. Their A&R man was Tommy Scott who, when I went in to meet him, said 'I've written this number for The Bachelors called *Punch and Judy Man*, but you could do that for the B-side.' He played a demo tape of it to me, and I loved it, so I laid that track down too.

"I began to think, 'Actually, I'm going to be a millionaire pop star! Les Reed and Barry Mason have just written these two hit singles, and I'm going to have the third one ...' Well, I was the only flop they ever had!"

Hines thinks the reasons behind the single's failure were clear. "Major Minor capitalised rather too much on the *Doctor Who* connection, instead of focusing on the quality of the song," Hines recalls. "We sent the single to all the DJs. I was also playing football at that time with Ed Stewart, who had a radio show called *Junior Choice*. I sent him the record, and he didn't like it. He said, 'I wish the B-side had been the A-side.' He played *Punch and Judy Man* on his show and people loved it. Most of the jocks – John Peel, who I also played football with, David Hamilton – they all played it, but they all said to me that the A-side should have been the B-side. I think *Punch and Judy Man* would have got more airplay."

Although the single may have failed to chart, Major Minor sent Frazer out on tour with a couple of labelmates. "I was singing three or four numbers every night. Obviously not just my own number; I remember starting with *Slow Down* by the Beatles. I enjoyed all that, the screaming fans and everything. It was great fun."

Recently, Hines had the chance to revisit his old recordings when he was approached by Mark Ayres during the creation of the *Who is Dr Who?* compilation for RPM Records. "When I listened to *Time Traveller* [an early demo Hines recorded with his brother], I thought 'Oh God!' It really does sound a bit amateur, which it was. Had it been ready for release, we would have double-tracked it a bit more, added a brass section and everything else. When you hear it on crystal clear CD, it sounds awful.

"But *Punch and Judy Man* still sounds great. It would be a great kind of pantomime number. I've often thought of singing it in panto, but then I'd have to get some records printed and flog them in the auditorium after the show!"

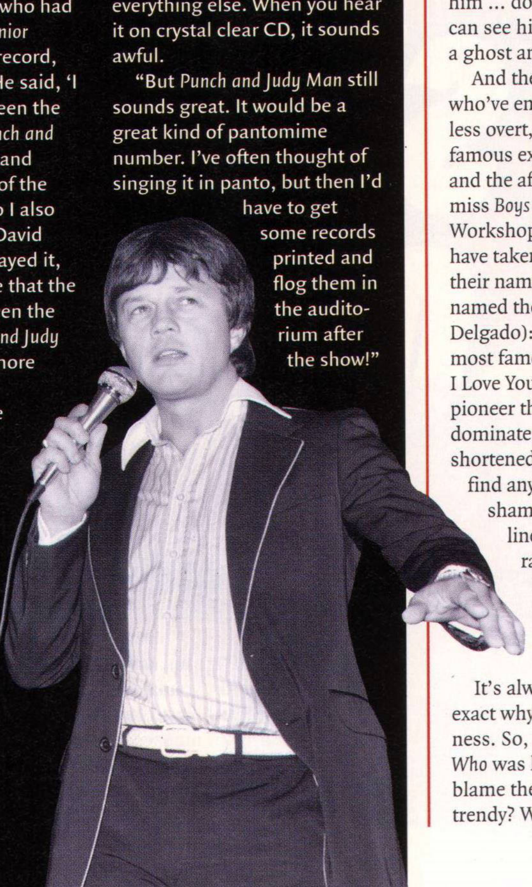


PHOTO: CHRIS NOLL

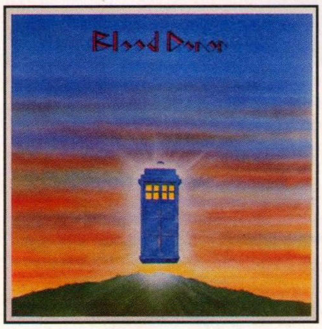
Adventures in 1991, no one could have foreseen what an impact they would have. While the rest of the world is currently coming around to the idea that *Doctor Who* might not be as embarrassing as first suspected, the fan writers of many novels embraced pop culture ten years back, merging it (almost) seamlessly with the world of the series.

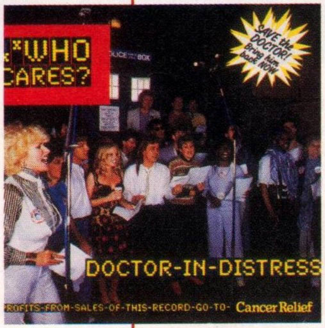
One of the most obvious influences of the writers' musical tastes is in their choice of chapter titles. You can't turn a page in most *New Adventures* without stumbling over a Beatles quote or a line from one of Morrissey's more obscure works (Gareth Roberts went so far as to use one in the title of a novel). Rebecca Levene, former editor of Virgin's *Doctor Who* range, claims there are a few reasons for this: "Fans are fans," she says, "and there's a crossover between music fans and sci-fi fans. The same kind of obsessiveness over story codes would mean that they could also remember the number one record on 22 February 1983 [*Too Shy* by Kajagoogoo, pop pickers!]. The writers are also trying to be hip about what they're doing. 'Look! This isn't sad or geeky, we refer to cool things too!'"

Levene also points out a more prosaic reason: "Coming up with chapter titles is quite a tough and dull job," she says, "and picking song titles or lyric quotes makes it easier. It certainly beats another quote from Yeats' *Second Coming!*"

One of the biggest advocates of song titles as chapter headings is prolific *Who* author Gary Russell, who has a particular habit of theming each book's chapter titles around songs by one particular band. In his first novel, *Legacy*, Russell chose Gary Numan. For *Placebo Effect*, 1980s goth perpetrators Siouxsie and the Banshees took the honours. This continues right up to his latest novel, *Instruments of Darkness*, which nicks its chapter titles from The Art of Noise. "There's often something in the song which suggests it as a chapter title," Russell explains, "not necessarily a lyric, but something will create a mood."

But Russell's use of song titles doesn't end at this level; he also uses them while he brainstorms his books' storylines. "For instance," he says, "in *Divided Loyalties* [Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, this time] and *Instruments of Darkness*, from the list of songs available to me, I picked titles that implied a progression through a story. Therefore, the order I put the titles in very much detailed the flow of the story."

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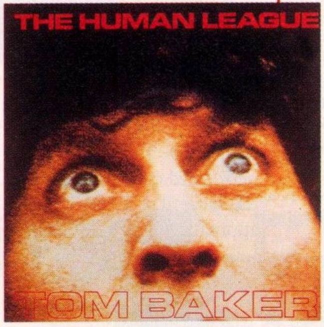
SAVE the DOCTOR!
DOCTOR-IN-DISTRESS
PROFITS-FROM-SALES-OF-THIS-RECORD-GO-TO- Cancer Relief



We only buy all these trashy songs because they're connected to our favourite series

Kate Orman has also been known to pepper her books with music references. Beatles songs appear in her first novel, *The Left-handed Hummingbird* (*Sun King* and *Tomorrow Never Knows*), while *Rent* and *Yesterday, When I Was Mad* by the Pet Shop Boys show their faces in *Set Piece*. "*Rent* was perfect for that," Orman explains. "The song describes the relationship between a prostitute and a man of high social standing – there's affection and perhaps even love between them but, basically, it's to do with the money. Similarly, in *Set Piece*, Ace finds herself reliant on a romantic Ancient Egyptian nobleman for her survival." Looking further down her CV, Orman admits, "The list is positively embarrassing. No wonder Lawrence Miles took the mickey out of us all in *Christmas on a Rational Planet!*"

Some pop music had more a oblique influence on Orman's *Sleepy*. "Kylie Minogue's hypnotic and threatening *Confide in Me* inspired the Turtle's telepathic call to Chris," she explains, "while Peter Gabriel's *Diggin' in the Dirt* suggested a scene in which the Doctor is cornered by someone who has found him out, a scene which eventually became his capture by Dot Smith-Smith."

Orman explains that she uses song titles for chapters "as an in-joke to other fans of the band, but also because they fit the action. Phrases naturally pop into your head as you think about what happens in each chapter. And, as I'm a bit of an addict of quotations, I use a lot of those too!"

Orman's husband and writing partner, Jonathan Blum, helped storyline recent novel *The Year of Intelligent Tigers*, which features a race of tiger-like aliens keen to force humans to teach them music. On board the TARDIS for this adventure was frustrated 1960s singer/songwriter Fitz Kreiner, the first companion of the Doctor with any kind of musical background. Blum explains that writing for Fitz is a lot of fun: "I think part of my love for Fitz is a wish-fulfilment thing, from my own years as a frustrated guitarist. It's given me a chance to look at things from a different angle, and pay tribute to a few of my heroes."

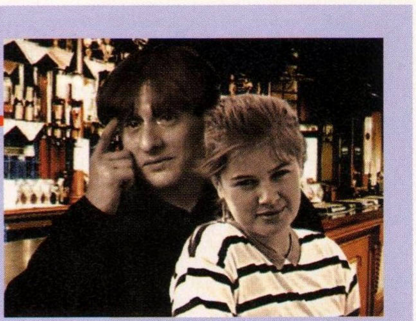
Having this shared experience between character and author makes for some very useful, and effective, shorthand. Where, in the *New Adventures*, Ace's fondness for the music of the day could sometimes seem forced and untrue (was there any early 1990s band she *wasn't* a fan of?), a yen for music has always been a part of Fitz. "It's a great source of metaphor," Blum agrees. "Putting Fitz's initial reaction to the Doctor in terms of hearing *I am the Walrus* for the first time expresses something that I never could quite put into words before. Same with that melody stuck in the Doctor's head, and he could never quite figure out what it was attached to ... That's one of those images which just grabbed me and banged at me until I figured out how to get it into the story. By the way, Fitz's songs, including that one, are a couple of my own, which I wrote a while back but never finished – and now I'm afraid I'm too rusty to play them!

"When he started out in 1963," Blum continues, "Fitz was actually a couple of years older than the Beatles were, which gives him a slightly different perspective from the generation which followed them. But then he spent a good chunk of time living in the late 1960s, which would probably just have confirmed his suspicions that he was ahead of his time. At least, that's our take on it," he smiles.

Of course, sometimes things get a little out of hand. Back in the early days of the *New Adventures*, Paul Cornell prepared to take Ace on a very strange

MANIC MONDAY!

SHAUN RYDER! ACE FROM TV'S *DOCTOR WHO*! AND PAUL CORNELL! EVEN THE *NEW ADVENTURES* COULDN'T COPE WITH *THAT* EXPLOSIVE A COMBINATION ...



Ace and the Three Doctors TwentyOne Year Party People Plastic Data Aceworld Whiteout (Edited Remix). Thus ran the title for the 'missing' chapter of Paul Cornell's *Timewyrm: Revelation*. In this piece of almost-*Doctor Who* lore, Ace meets a real pop star – the Happy Mondays' drug-munching vocalist Shaun Ryder. It was, of course, all in her mind, but it stands as probably the finest example of Ace's *zeitgeist*-hopping pop credentials.

Finding herself in what she thinks is a student bar, Ace notices some posters advertising upcoming live acts: "pretty good bands too ... Schoody D, Slowdive, Ride, even Voivod!" But she's hardly had time to get her bearings when up saunters Ryder, pint in hand. "I thought it was time the two major youth icons of the nineties met, like," Shaun says. While the readership look everywhere for Richard and Judy, Shaun continues, "This is your idea of heaven. Pleased to be here, nice to meet you ..."

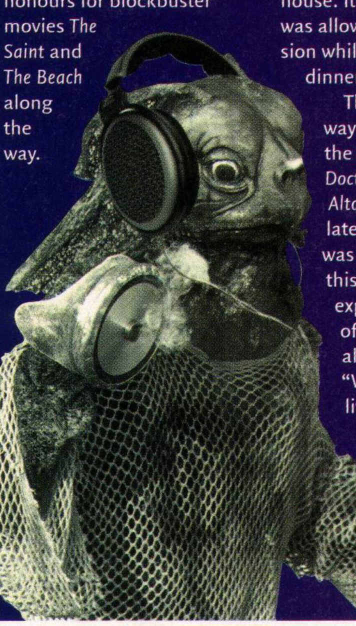
Shaun goes on to explain that everything Ace is experiencing is taking place on a 'datascape', a domain at the mercy of the deadly Timewyrm. Soon, Ace and the Happy Mondays find themselves on the run from the (REM-inspired) End of the World and I Feel Fine Hotel, chased by soldiers summoned by the Timewyrm. As the motley crew skirt across the waves in their pirate ship, Ace's schoolboy nemesis Chad Boyle makes an appearance, and things take a turn for the worse ...

It's all pretty trippy stuff – but, as Cornell himself is quick to point out, it's more of a fun day out for Ace than anything of a threat. "I wrote this originally as Chapter Nine, but quickly realised that I should do something much harder in tone. For a start, why would Ace want to leave the reality described? I also thought some people might sue!"

DREAM THEME!

FORGET THE MERCURY MUSIC PRIZE – ALL ORBITAL'S PAUL HARTNOLL WANTS TO BE AWARDED IS A BBC CONTRACT TO PROVIDE THE THEME TUNE FOR A CERTAIN WELL-LOVED SCI-FI SHOW ...

Throughout the 1990s, Orbital have been at the cutting edge of fashions in dance music. They were there when rave culture really took off, their 1990 hit *Chime* becoming something of an anthem for the scene. As time when on, Phil and Paul Hartnoll, the brothers behind Orbital, won more critical and commercial success, handling theme tune honours for blockbuster movies *The Saint* and *The Beach* along the way.



But, through all that time, they've been playing a terribly familiar piece of music as an encore during their legendary live gigs. As Paul Hartnoll explains, it's all part of his grand plan ...

"The *Doctor Who* theme is the finest electronic theme tune of all time," Hartnoll enthuses. "I was probably familiar with it before I could talk. It would have been staple listening in our house. It was the only time I was allowed to watch television while eating my dinner."

This might go some way towards explaining the appearance of *Doctor ?* on *The Altogether*, Orbital's latest album which was released earlier this year. But, Hartnoll explains, the weight of public expectation also played a part. "We only did it as a live thing – that was all it was ever going to be. The whole point of a live special encore is that you don't put it on record. But we had such an overwhelming response, people saying, 'When's the new album coming out, because I can't wait to hear *Doctor Who!*' We'd say, 'Well, it's not on there,' and people would be disappointed.

"So finally we caved in and put in on. It was a difficult thing to do with something that's known as a live thing, because it's hard to reproduce what you do live in a studio."

As the fame of their live rendition of the theme spread – even festival-goers at 1999's Glastonbury were treated to a burst of Ron Grainer's finest – Orbital found themselves approached by producer Mike Wadding to compose some music for BBC2's *Doctor Who Night* in 1999.

"The producer knew that we'd played it live, and we'd spoken to him before about doing a *Star Trek* theme for their *Star Trek Night*. He said, 'Any chance of knocking up a version of the theme, or anything else – we need as much material as we can handle.' So we did some stings for him, some alternative music – monster music, as it were, music that reminded me of the Jon Pertwee-era Radiophonic Workshop incidental music."

It's that era more than most that seems to have made an impact on the Hartnoll's work. Give an idle listen to any Orbital track, and you'll soon be spotting some familiar noises. Perhaps no more so than on *Doctor Look Out*, an extra track released with their hit *Beached* from last year. The track features samples of Jo Grant from *The Sea Devils*, and "one little sound, like a sort of horror sting ..." Hartnoll emits a crackling plane-crash screech. "It's a sort of 'zoom-in-on-Sea-Devil' noise. But all the rest of it is original stuff."

Hartnoll's quick to name his favourite version of the *Doctor Who* theme. "The Jon Pertwee version, where they sort of jazzed it up a little bit, gave it an extra spin round the tape loop and threw in a few extra chunky, swirly sounds. It's still the original, but with a few extra bits added – and that's the one I would have remembered from my childhood."

So, what with their success as Hollywood theme-meisters, the Hartnoll boys must surely be interested at having a crack at the theme if and when their favourite show comes back? "Oh, absolutely," Hartnoll states. "You've just hit upon my mission, and I shall probably attempt to kill myself if I don't succeed. Our manager's assistant rings up the BBC and harasses the Drama people at least once a month. 'When are you going to do it, then? We want to do the theme tune. When are you going to do it?' 'Oh, shut up! We haven't even got a producer, and we don't know what we want to do yet!' But he rings up every month, and I think he's building up a nice friendly relationship with them."

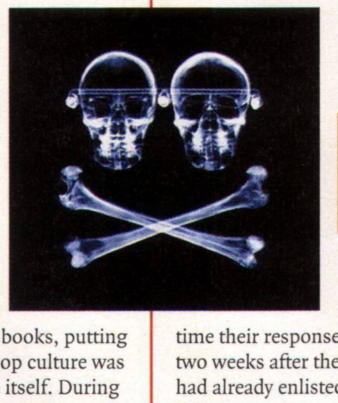
And, if anything ever came to fruition, Paul Hartnoll's ready to go. "We've got like an alternative version of the theme already. The one we do on our album is a bit of a laugh – that's an attempt to give the theme a 4/4 acid house feel and some big chunky drums, that's all that was about. But we've done this other thing that was sort of like a demo for a different TV series that never came off anyway, and we realised we'd practically rewritten the *Doctor Who* theme. So we developed it, and I started changing the notes until it was the exact tune of *Doctor Who*. That's just sitting on the computer half finished – I keep meaning to polish it off and send it off, and say, 'Look! Here you go, you could use this!'

"I am absolutely determined," Hartnoll concludes with a steely glare. "I will camp outside the BBC with a placard, saying 'Let us do it! At least, let us have a go!'"

---

trip – to Heaven to meet Happy Mondays frontman Shaun Ryder [see boxout] – until then-editor Peter Darvill-Evans nixed this particular chapter of *Timewyrm: Revelation*.

When asked what was the most ridiculous musical reference she saw during her own tenure, Levene is quick with an answer. "That's easy," she laughs. "Lawrence Miles had a chapter title [in *Christmas on a Rational Planet*] that was virtually the whole chorus – in fact, I think it *was* the whole chorus – of *Girls and Boys* by Blur! I pointed out to him that he would have had to pay huge amounts to quote it, so he took it out. I was quite fond of it, though, and would have liked to use it."



So, as fans were, though the books, putting pop culture in *Doctor Who*, pop culture was busy assimilating the series itself. During the 1990s, three notable bands and a movie composer have had their names attached to the series' theme tune. Erasure and the Pet Shop Boys were both approached to record a version of the theme for the 1993 Children in Need special *Dimensions in Time*. The Pet Shop Boys declined, presumably because they were in the midst of promoting their single at the time, *I Wouldn't Normally Do This Kind of Thing* (which they performed during the same charity telethon, using the same 3D effects). Erasure were then approached, but time was marching on by this point (October 1993) and the band were recording in studios in Dublin, meaning that producer John Nathan-Turner's fax took a little while to reach them. They agreed to do a version of the theme but, by the time their response reached Nathan-Turner (some two weeks after the initial request), the producer had already enlisted the services of fan musicians Cybertech.

The other artists involved in bringing *Doctor Who*'s theme to the masses – albeit rather more successfully – are Orbital, who regularly performed the theme as part of their impressive live sets [see boxout]. A fan of the show himself, Orbital's Paul Hartnoll reckons the series' time is about to come round again. "I think there's an overwhelming sensation that *Doctor Who* is about to become very hip," he says. "It's got to be *the* classic cult TV programme of all time, really. There's a lot of good feeling towards the show and I think an amazing number of people would be interested if it popped up again." Even James Bond maestro David Arnold wanted in on the act, recording his own interpretation of what he descibed as "a phenomenal piece of sound design" for Big Finish's recent run of Paul McGann audio plays.

There's an overwhelming sensation that *Doctor Who* is becoming hip

Barely a month goes by now without some sort of murmuring of a return for the series and, after the recent success of the modern 'remix' of *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)* – also sporting an Arnold theme – and bearing in mind the number of hip, young fans of the show now working in and around television, any new *Doctor Who* might just be able to enter at the cutting edge of fashion.

Which, let's be honest, would make a refreshing change.

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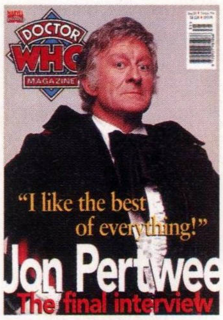
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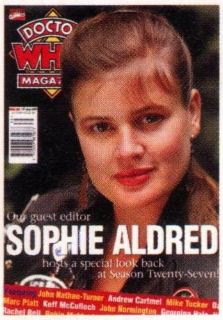
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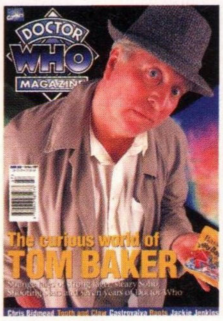
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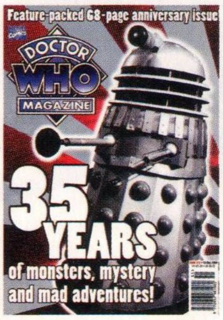
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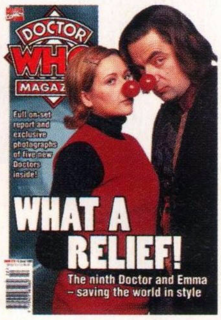
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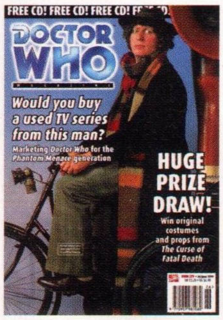
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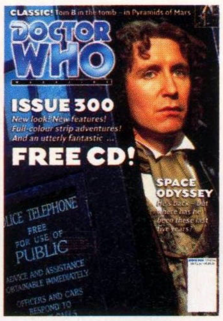
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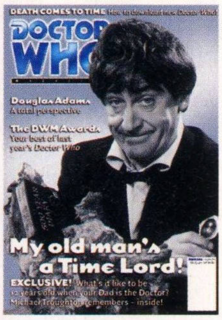
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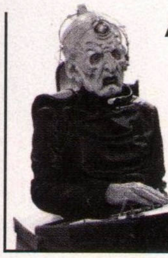


As the Davros stories are re-released, space scientist Rula Lenska, meticulous mortician Clive Swift and sinister schoolgirl Jasmine Breaks tell Benjamin Cook their memories of the Daleks – and their hideous creator!

Rula Lenska

Styles

Resurrection of the Daleks

Rosa-Marie Leopoldnya Lubienska is probably the only Polish aristocrat to have ever appeared in *Doctor Who* – and not a lot of people know that! As a matter of fact, not a lot of people know that this distinguished actress, otherwise known as Rula Lenska, ever appeared in *Doctor Who* at all … "It can get a little wearisome," she admits, "to only ever be remembered for [1970s Thames TV drama] *Rock Follies*. I've been in an awful lot of other things as well, you know, but people – of my generation, at least – don't seem to remember them. *Rock Follies* was certainly a high point of my career, but it was a very long time ago. Much water has passed under the bridge since then …"

In 1983, Rula was cast as one of the two intrepid doctors who battled, rattled and, er, prattled at Davros during *Resurrection of the Daleks*. "I played Dr Styles," she explains. "It was a great thrill to be asked. I was, like most people, a fan of the show – I thought the whole premise was unusual and very well done. Space trooper Styles was a strong female character – and there weren't very many of those in *Doctor Who* at that time. The whole episode was so much fun to do. It was true fantasy, you know, guns and shooting and ambushing … It was a young lady's dream to be in something like that."

Renowned for its bountiful bloodshed and copious helpings of carnage, *Resurrection of the Daleks* clocked up more on-screen deaths than *Die Hard*, *Lethal Weapon* and *Terminator 2* put together, so it was only "a matter of time before Styles kicked the bucket! She was dumped halfway through the story, wasn't she? I think she was murdered by Maurice Colbourne's character …" Commander Lytton and his troops did indeed kill Styles, shortly after she activated the space station self-destruct chamber. "Oh. Isn't that ironic? I was hoping that she would last a little longer. The focus of my episodes was clearly, uh … What was his name? Stavros? Zeros? The bloke in the wheelchair with a, sort of, mutant face?" Davros? "Yes, that's him! He was the star of the show, I think, so the guest parts weren't brilliantly written. I wish I had been allowed to develop my character a little. I don't know whether the characterisation improved in subsequent episodes."

The two Doctors: Rula with Fifth Doctor Peter Davison and (right) checking the set for flimsiness. © BBC Video

Rula herself is the daughter of a Polish count – and she has one daughter of her own from her first marriage to actor Brian Deacon. "My daughter was only three or four years old when I did *Doctor Who*," reports the actress, "and she was an absolutely huge fan, so I took her in to meet the cast. The Daleks fascinated her. We were rehearsing in the studio and my daughter was taking her lunch break, so one of the operators got inside his Dalek – and waited! When she returned to the studio, the Dalek chased her around – and my daughter was over the moon. I think even now – and she's in her early twenties – it is one of her highlights of my career. After all, not a lot of people have met a real Dalek!"

Be that as it may, Rula reveals that the Daleks "were somewhat cumbersome … though they looked amazing television-wise. It was quite extraordinary what was done with them. In fact, the set of the whole underground-like area where most of my scenes were based was, I think, very well done and extremely believable. It wasn't flimsy or plastic-y at all; it was really quite *real*. We were still in the early days of television special effects and so an awful lot of time – and, I presume, money – was spent on them. Styles wasn't a big enough part for the special effects to get in my way, but I watched the chap who played Davros [Terry Molloy] having his latex and make-up applied – and I remember thinking, 'Oh, my God! How odd.' It looked so desperately uncomfortable. These days, special effects can take up, like, 75 per cent of studio time, which can be rather galling for actors."

I wonder what made Rula want to be an actress in the first place. "I believed that I had it in me," she proclaims, "that I had, you know, something different. It was all that I ever really wanted to do. I wanted to perform – and I wanted to be famous. I can't say it more succinctly than that." Rula was described by her ex-husband, Dennis Waterman, as 'the most glamorous actress in the business' – a business which, she now confesses, has very little left in the way of glamour. "I hate it when people describe me as 'glamorous' – and I wish that I wasn't so often only considered for glamorous roles. The business isn't as glamorous as it seems. There are far too many quiz shows, interview programmes and gardening series! Is that actually what the public want to see? Or is it just due to a shortage of good scriptwriters – and maybe even a shortage of money – that the BBC is making television this way? I don't quite know. There is no longer nearly as much drama on television – classical drama in particular – and far fewer one-off plays."

> **'Guns and shooting and ambushing – it really was a young lady's dream!'**

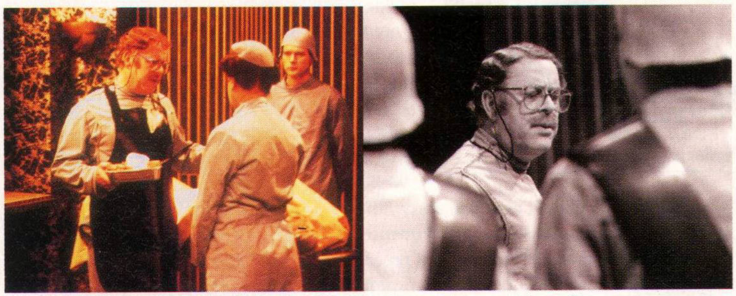
Does Rula have any highlights from her distinguished career? "Well," she considers, "*Rock Follies* was a dream of a part. It included everything – good drama, excellent writing, wonderful music, fantasy sequences … It was an unrepeatable series. In fact, it really has never been repeated – and I can't quite understand why. And there are lots of theatrical highlights … I played Lady Macbeth a couple of years back, for example, and I've just finished a West End run of *An Inspector Calls*." Are there any roles that Rula still yearns to play? "Oh, hundreds! My television work has been a little thin on the ground recently, I have to say, so I'd very much like to do some more television. And I'd like to see the Doctor come back as a woman." Say what? "I want to play Doctor Who! Isn't it about time we had a female Doctor?

"I think it would make rather a nice change if he came back as a *she*." He's back … and it's about bikini zones, window-shopping and PMT. "Ooh, yes! It would be a dream come true! Such a treat! Half the women in this country want to play the Doctor." And not a lot of people know that, either …

Clive Swift
Jobel
Revelation of the Daleks

“I know the world is full of *Doctor Who* freaks,” declares Clive Swift, probably best known to British TV audiences for his role as the put-upon husband of suburban snob Hyacinth Bucket in sitcom *Keeping Up Appearances*, “but I’ve been surprised at how much affection Jobel has gotten over the years. I’ve had a varied career – and *Doctor Who* is just a distant speck in my eye.”

Director Graeme Harper wanted to cast someone who would resist the temptation to go over the top in the role of funerary arranger Jobel – and Clive was his first choice. “Jobel was a smashing character,” the actor enthuses. “Vain, arrogant and caustic. I decided that he should wear a toupée – I don’t think that was in the script – and the make-up designer suggested that it should fall away when Jobel is killed. I thought that was an excellent touch: the nasty man humiliated posthumously!



Wigging out: Mr Jobel deflects a lovelorn Tasembeker and inspects his staff. © Cook/BBC Video

“I hadn’t really watched the programme before – though I remember my family being terrified by it when they were younger. I’m not very good at following involved plots. I tend to sit and watch the scenery whilst it all flows by, so I didn’t really take on board the dark aspects of the story, or really think about the very dark humour in it, for that matter. But I am well aware of the value of it. I guess it was frightening for children – but isn’t *Doctor Who* supposed to be? It’s an important part of your life. It moulds you, as much as any other little thing acts to help shape who you are – like listening to the Goons, or acting in a play. It all helps to make you who you are.”

It has often been said that the regular cast made any guest artistes feel very at home. “Oh, yes, definitely. We were all delighted to at last belong to the *Doctor Who* cult … I knew Colin Baker before I got the part, who is a lovely man who loved the show. What made it so nice was that I had been at university with Eleanor Bron [Kara] and Hugh Walters [Vogel], and so it was a lovely reunion. Graeme Harper was a very nice man and a very good director. He didn’t stand for any nonsense and got what he wanted. I didn’t actually work with the alien, Davros, and I’m not sure if I actually appeared with any Daleks – I did have to do a scene where I was talking to Davros on the screen, and that was all shot simultaneously with me in one part of the studio and the other actor, Terry Molloy, in the other.

‘I guess it was frightening for the children – but isn’t *Doctor Who* supposed to be?’

“We filmed in the snow, somewhere south of London. I can’t remember where exactly. We didn’t know we were going to get this weather, and so we were all appalled to be caught in it. We were all very, very cold. I think poor Nicola Bryant [Peri] got it badly, but Colin and this mutant had to roll about in the snow – and the mutant had to go under water or something, so by the end they were literally ill with cold!

“I did see the show when it went out, and I thought it was fine, quite pleasing. It was different from other programmes – it had its own style, its own sense of fun. Of course it is a show that has its own history, its own references which the fans will pick up on, but it was also entertaining for a general audience.

“The episodes stand up rather well, I think. The fans seem fond of the story – and the more popular my episodes prove to be, the more halfpennies I get! I’m glad to have been part of *Who* mania …”

Additional material by Anthony Townsend

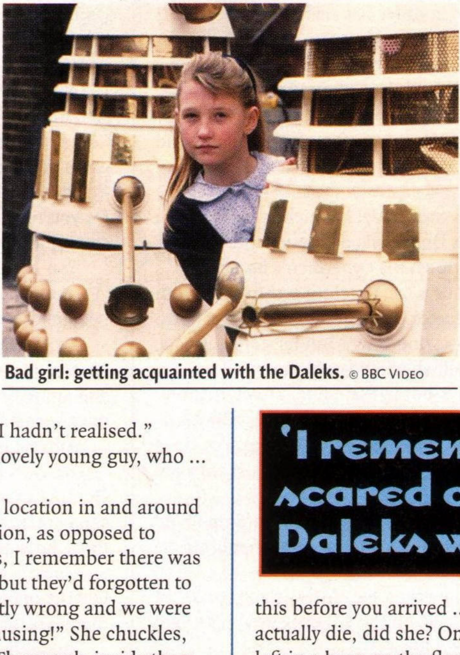
Jasmine Breaks
The Girl
Remembrance of the Daleks

"I'm a totally different person," announces Jasmine Breaks, as we sit over lunch in a Putney café. "I've changed enormously. I was 12 when I did *Doctor Who*." She counts off the years on her fingers. "Yes, I was only 12 years old. I was just a child, but I'm now 25 ... I've grown up. I feel as though I'm an adult. I've changed – and in more ways than one, let me tell you!"

In 1988, Jasmine was cast as "that creepy little girl" in Season 25's sure-fire classic, *Remembrance of the Daleks*. "And people still recognise me for *Doctor Who*! Only – when was it? – about three weeks ago, a guy in Soho came up to me and said, 'I don't know why, but I really recognise you.' And I was, like, '*Ok-aay!*' I told him my name. 'Yes, that's it! You were in *Doctor Who*. You were the scary schoolgirl!' I couldn't believe it. I just looked at him and, kind of, nodded. I was, like, 'Nice talking to you. Er ... 'bye!' And my sister used to work in advertising – persuading companies to advertise on radio – and, on one occasion, she was pitching to this guy when she noticed some *Doctor Who* books on the shelf in his office. She told him that her sister was in *Doctor Who* – and he just, like, went wild! He got down all these books with my photos in and started asking my sister questions ... That was really weird."

Jasmine landed her first professional job at the tender age of two. "I did quite a bit of modelling as a baby," she tells me, "in adverts for clothes and suchlike – and I've always acted and danced. My father used to act, so I suppose it was a natural progression. The role in *Doctor Who* came about when the director, Andrew Morgan, got in contact with my agent – I think he'd seen me do some work – and invited me up for an interview. There must have been round about 200 people auditioning, I think, but I got the part. *Doctor Who* was something that everyone had grown up with – I remember being very, very scared of Davros and the Daleks when I was younger – and so it was a great opportunity.

Jasmine remembers a relaxed working atmosphere: "There were never any arguments or 'starry' tantrums. The regular cast were just lovely – very natural, very easy – and, having come from an acting background, it wasn't as if I was looking at them through child's eyes. I can still remember Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred ... They were great! Sylvester would make me laugh all the time. When we finished recording, he handed me a book that the whole cast had signed, which was such a sweet thing to do. And I saw Sophie at a party not so long ago. I was, like, 'Er ... hello. You might not remember me, but I was in *Doctor Who*!' 'Oh, Jasmine! Of course I remember you! How are you?' Sophie is such a warm person."



Bad girl: getting acquainted with the Daleks. © BBC Video

What of the serial's distinguished guest cast? "Simon Williams [Group Captain Gilmore] is a family friend. His son, Tam, was one of the schoolchildren in the opening scene – and so was my sister, actually. And the best bit," she continues, excitedly, "is that the guy who played the café owner [Joseph Marcell] – you know? – went on to play the butler in [American sitcom] *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*! Just how brilliant is *that*? I've actually worked with that guy! Wow! Ooh, and I really fancied Dursley McLinden [Mike]. I thought he was gorgeous. What's he doing now?" Dursley died in August 1995 following a long illness. "Oh, no – that's awful. I hadn't realised." Jasmine shakes her head. "I just remember this lovely young guy, who ... He was lovely. That is such a great loss."

Remembrance of the Daleks was filmed largely on location in and around London. "Everything feels far more real on location, as opposed to recording it in the studio. At one of the locations, I remember there was a fire ... We were filming a Dalek battle, I think, but they'd forgotten to warn the fire brigade. A special effect went slightly wrong and we were besieged by fire engines, which I found quite amusing!" She chuckles, unashamedly. "And the Daleks were incredible! The people inside them were jokers, but the Daleks themselves looked quite different up close. They were far scarier on television. Actually, I thought they were ..." She trails off as a thought crosses her mind: "I almost forgot! The best thing about working on location? The food! It was delicious!"

All these years later, Jasmine still savours the sweet taste of small screen cuisine. "I started out as a presenter by accident," she explains. "I went for what I thought was an acting job, but it turned out to be for presenting. I sat in front of the autocue and just really, really loved it. My first proper presenting job was reporting on the European Drag Racing Championships for Sky Television, but I now do a radio show in Newbury called *Kick FM*. On radio it's, like, happening there and then – and I'm in complete control. I love working live! It's not, like, 'Right, okay – cut!' You don't have time to get bored with it.

"I now see the profession as a business," she reasons. "Only 10 per cent of show business is actually 'show' at all – and I really want to get to know the other 90 per cent, that is the 'business'. I want to know what makes the industry tick, so most of my work at the moment is behind the camera – researching and so on. I eventually want to put my own shows together. The industry is so competitive, but if you have a passion for it ... If you want to make it happen, you've got to carry on doing it ... I want a career, not just a flash in the pan."

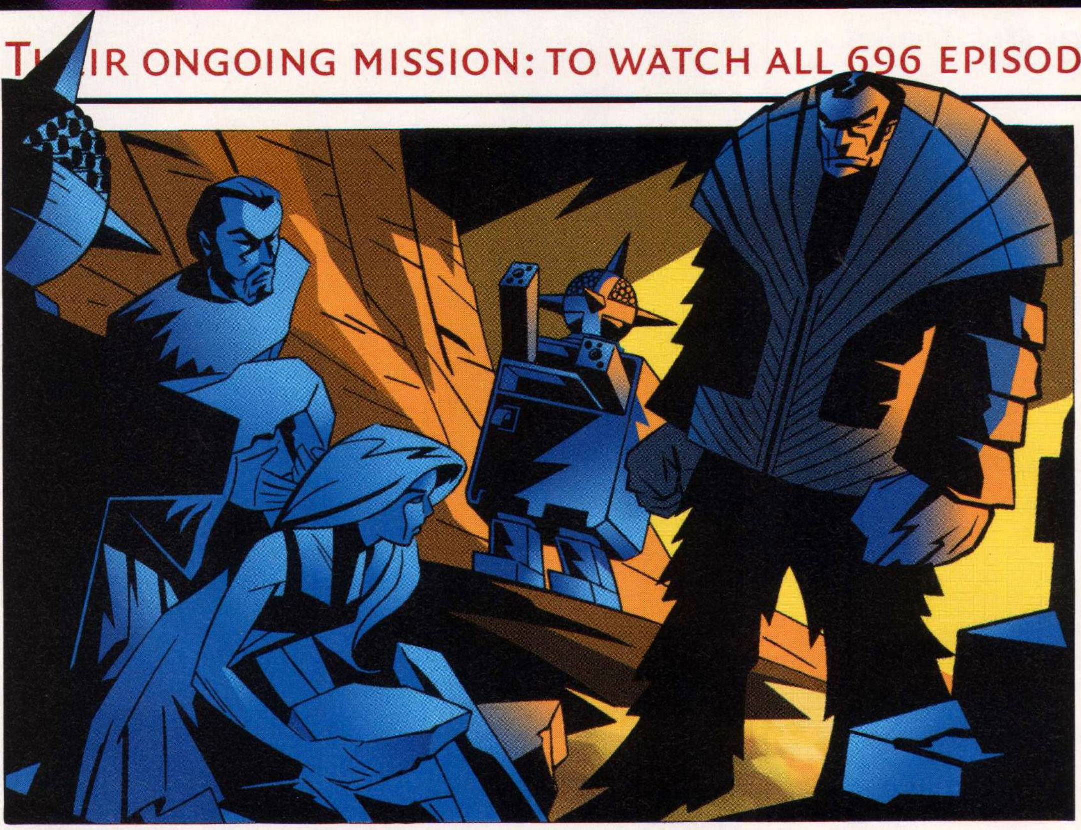
Was *Doctor Who* itself just a flash in the pan? "No, not at all! It's an institution – and I think it should come back! I was thinking about this before you arrived ..." She grins, wickedly. "My character didn't actually die, did she? Once the Daleks stopped possessing me, I was just left in a heap on the floor. The Daleks, sort of, dispossessed me! So, I was thinking, I could always return. It would be a good storyline to pick up on." Jasmine bursts out laughing. "Yes, yes, and I could become Doctor Who! I could, couldn't I? Ooh, yes! Everyone wants to play Doctor Who, don't they?"

Oh, Lordy! Perhaps Rula Lenska is on to something ...?

'I remember being very, very scared of Davros and the Daleks when I was younger'

The Time Team

THEIR ONGOING MISSION: TO WATCH ALL 696 EPISODES OF DOCTOR WHO



EPISODES 209 TO 216

Cliché counters

Deaths on screen so far

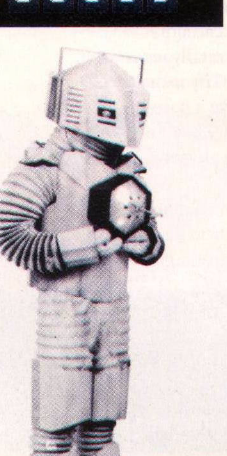
00252

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00053

One or more regulars incarcerated

00083



Compiled by Gary Gillatt
Illustration by Adrian Salmon

There's a party atmosphere at Peter's house on this sunny Bank Holiday Monday. The cherryade is flowing freely, everyone has a plateful of little cakes topped with icing, and bowls of jelly and ice cream are consumed with glee.

And what, you may ask, is the reason for such celebration? Well, they're just one episode from the end of Season Five, of course! There have been some undeniably great moments, but watching these seven stories in order has really shown up their repetitive 'base under siege' plots, and had our Team begging for a return to the crazy, devil-may-care creativity of Season Four.

We're on *The Wheel in Space* and the Cybermen are attacking. They have some convoluted scheme in mind to use this dreary space station as a staging-post in an invasion of Earth. Jamie and his new friend Zoe – who's as bright as a button and cute as ... well, a button – have gone on a dangerous space walk to fetch the Time Vector Generator from the TARDIS, which is parked on a nearby rocket. With this, the Doctor plans to boost the Wheel's laser, letting the crew shoot down the Cybermen's battleship.

"Let me get this straight," says Jac, pointing at the screen with a spoonful of jelly. "The Doctor sent Jamie and Zoe off into terrible danger because he was 'too busy'? But he's done *nothing* so far this episode! What a selfish so-and-so!"

Oddly the Cybermen press home their final attack on foot, flouncing their way through space toward the Wheel. "Oh dear!" laughs Richard. "All the Cyberman's hand-flapping does nothing for their butch image, does it? The footage just cries out to have *The Birdie Song* dubbed to it."

In the nick of time, the Doctor manages to pull the 'Stop Story' lever on his device, destroying the Cybership. Jamie fends off the stragglers in the airlock.

"Is that it?" squeaks an incensed Jac. "After six episodes of jargon, the Doctor finally blows up the Cybermen with a thing from the TARDIS? That's the *climax*?"

"Yes," says Clay with a sigh. "And someone shuts a door. What shoddy, desperately tedious, illogical rubbish. Probably the worst story since the doldrums of Season Two, and an incredibly disappointing end to the season."

The Doctor and Jamie are keen to be away, but there's the small matter of a stowaway in the TARDIS to be dealt with first ...

"She's a spirited girl, that Zoe," comments Peter, with a mouthful of cake. "Unlike any companion before her, she chooses to leave a cushy lifestyle for one filled with danger."

"But Jamie's giving the impression that he's not interested in her joining them," notes Richard. "His goodbye to her is rather blunt and then he protests when she says she that wants to stay."

The Doctor claims he ought to warn Zoe about the dangers she might face should she come along, and he does this by replaying his last battle with the Daleks, from memory, on the TARDIS scanner. A more likely reason is that he's *desperate* for her to join him, and wants to prove that his other adventures are less tedious than the one Zoe has just witnessed. He switches his David Whitaker Story Generator from 'poor' to 'fantastic'.

"Aw!" complains Jac as the end credits roll. "The best bit of the whole story is having *Evil of the Daleks* repeated afterwards, and we don't even get to watch that!"

Too right, they don't! Almost a third of their way through the history of *Doctor Who*, this is no time for the Team to dally. Anyway, *The Dominators* is sure to be just as good as *Evil*. Isn't it?

Welcome to the 'Island of Death' on the planet Dulkis. Here comes Cully with his friends – a gang of rich kids looking for thrills – and popping down from space are two brutish Dominators, the bossy Rago and the complaining Toba.

"The intro's going on a bit," says Peter. "The TARDIS crew *are* in this story, aren't they?"

Things pick up as Cully's companions bump into the Dominators and their giggling robots, the Quarks. Oops. "Well this is a bit better," says Clay. "Still slow, but the death of the Dulcians is quite unexpected."

Last to arrive are the Doctor, Jamie and Zoe. "This must be the first of the Doctor's endless quests to go on holiday," observes Clay as the time travellers skip from the TARDIS with a beachball and a deckchair. "Start as you mean to go on, eh?"

Peter is full of hope. "The setting's a real breath of fresh air. Do you realise that the last time the Doctor visited a truly 'alien' culture was way back in *The Savages*?"

"You can see Toba's going to be trouble," laughs Richard. "Flouting his authority, doing things his own way and killing people without batting an eyelid. Watch out, Doctor!"

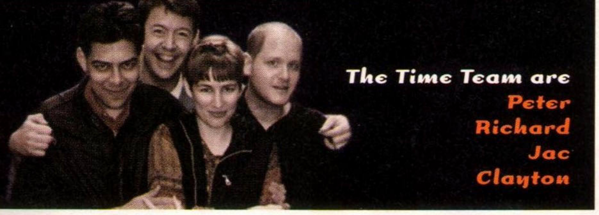
"So," sums up Clay as the first episode draws to an end, "we have some very silly monsters, bickering hunchbacked villains, and some deeply dreary people in smocks. Not a great season-opener, is it?"

"Anyone for *Evil of the Daleks*?" asks Peter.

The Doctor and Jamie, meanwhile, have been captured by the Dominators and taken inside their ship. "They obviously have the same interior designers as the *Tomb* Cybermen," laughs Jac. "All those little pictures of Quarks everywhere!"

"There's more in common than that," adds Richard. "The Quarks again suffer the fate of an over-modulated voice. It makes them *very* difficult to understand."

The Dominators test the Doctor's and Jamie's intelligence, but our heroes run rings round them in a funny scene enjoyed by all. "It's a perfect example of what the Doctor does best," says Peter. "Acting the fool, while gaining valuable knowledge from his enemies." "But what is it with the Doctor's 'intelligent eyes'?" ponders Clay. "They always give him away. Some sunglasses might be a good idea for future 'simpleton' pretences."



The Time Team are
Peter
Richard
Jac
Clayton

IN ORDER. FROM THE START.

Zoe and Cully head off-island in a travel capsule in an attempt to convince the Dulcian Council that the Dominators pose a serious threat. "Goodness, they're Dulcian by name and dull by nature," sighs Richard. "Listening to their waffle, it sounds just like we're in the middle of the General Election campaign again. It drives the point home about the sort of fact-checking, uptight people they are, but it doesn't make great television."

"But good for Zoe," adds Clay. "I'd forgotten she's the new girl. She fits right in and does the companion bit terribly well."

By Episode 3, Zoe is back on the island and dodging the Quarks. This she does by using the clever tactic of walking around them. "The Quarks are useless!" shouts Peter. "The Dominators would be better off just using guns!"

"And I can't understand a single word they're saying," adds Jac. "Though it's probably, 'Oh look, they got away again.'"

An attack on one of the robots, who move with all the confident speed of the Queen Mother (but with fewer mechanical parts), yields a moment of shared hilarity.

"Brilliantly done!" shouts Richard, doubled with laughter. "Blow the Quark to bits and just have the two stumpy legs sticking up in the air. Genius!"

The Dominators are, in fact, trying to drill into Dulkis to find a new power source. However, they seem easily distracted and spend the entire time chasing a few natives from building to building, always just missing them.

Clay's beside himself with frustration. "Every time Toba seems about to do something nasty and violent, and therefore exciting, Rago turns up and tells him not to. Where's the drama in that?"

Peter's in agreement. "And that's the second time at a cliffhanger they've 'totally destroyed' a building, leaving most of it still standing. *Please* can we watch *Evil of the Daleks*?"

No. Like death and taxes, Episode 4 is inescapable.

'This is all so strange. There's no real explanation for anything that's going on. Utterly creepy stuff'

"Ooh, ooh!" perks up Clay. "Rago and Toba are having a row! Maybe something exciting will ... Oh."

"Come on," rallies Richard. "The interplay between the two Dominators is excellent. Rago is forceful and purposeful, while Toba's headstrong and sulks when he can't get his own way."

The Dominators, it must be said, keep shouting 'I'm the best!', 'No, I'm the best!' at each other, like some outerspace version of Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons.

"Two dull stories in a row isn't fair," moans Clay. "The viewers had that repeat of *Evil* to help them. *Please* can't we watch that?"

As the rest of the Time Team consider contacting Amnesty International, Peter looks to the TV for salvation. "Come on, let's have *action*! More Quark squashing! More Quark squashing!"

As we reach the concluding episode, the Dominators finally get round to their mining. Suddenly, everything starts to seem a little familiar ...

"Hey hey," says Peter. "The plot's a cross between the first two Dalek stories, isn't it? Alien pacificts versus robotic monsters in a post-nuclear landscape while the baddies try to drop a bomb into the centre of the planet."

As the drilling action continues, the Time Team and the Dominators seem to be in a battle as to who can use the word 'bore' the most times. In the end, it's Jamie who saves the day by grabbing the villain's bomb as it drops down the shaft into the core of the planet. He must be keeping a paperback of *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* in that sporran.

"Silly Dominators!" scorns Peter. "Like the Great Intelligence, if only they'd proceeded quietly, their plan would have worked!"

"What a rip-off of old plots, though," says Jac. "We want something new, not bits of old Dalek stories."

"But," mumbles Peter, "we did spend the whole time asking to watch a Dalek story again. Was that our ironic punishment?"

The Time Team want your pity, readers. Their cake has gone stale, the cherryade is flat, and their jubilant mood is now but a distant memory. Can *The Mind Robber* bring back their fizz?

The Doctor has sent the TARDIS out of real space to escape the volcanic effects of the Dominators' plan. As he fiddles with the ship's systems, Jamie and Zoe see pictures of their homes on the TARDIS scanner, and are lured outside into eerie whiteness.

"Now *this* looks good!" laughs Clay, relief clear in his voice.

"But so strange," says Richard, as Zoe and Jamie are surrounded by silent robots and all their clothes turn white. "There's no real explanation for anything that's going on. It's like someone in the production team had been watching too many episodes of *The Prisoner*."

"Utterly creepy stuff!" adds an enthused Jac.

"It's like all the ideas and opportunities for drama that *The Wheel in Space* and *The Dominators* missed have been packed into 20 minutes," says Clay. "Brilliant."

In the TARDIS, the Doctor is coming under mental attack. An eerie voice is trying to lure him into the void as well. "We've never seen this Doctor so worried," frets Peter. "Alone in the TARDIS, and privy to his thoughts, we get a rare glimpse of his true nature."

When he's rejoined by Jamie and Zoe, the Doctor tries to boost the TARDIS' power to free them from the sinister force. As a terrible roaring noise builds, our friends scream at one another over the din.

And then ... "The most incredible cliffhanger!" squeals Jac. "The TARDIS exploding! This has to be the most clever and visually impressive episode ever!"

Episode 2, and the madness continues. Jamie turns into a cardboard cut-out. Zoe seemingly tumbles to oblivion. The Doctor meets giant clockwork soldiers. All are being watched by some enigmatic controller.

"Ooh," says Jac. "I haven't a clue what's going on, but I *love* it."

"It's really intriguing and creepy, isn't it?" adds Clay, as a gang of horrible Victorian urchins crowd the Doctor.

"I'll make one criticism, though," says Peter cautiously, enduring the incensed stares of his friends. "After such a bizarre opening instalment, it's quite disappointing to find that there's something as humdrum as an evil mastermind behind it all."

And just when they think it can't get any stranger, the Doctor's rebuilding of a Jamie jigsaw leaves the boy with a different face!

"Hamish Wilson is really rather good," comments Richard. "He's managed to get Hines' mannerisms off surprisingly well!"

Clay drains the last of his cherryade and lights a cigarette. "Today's really summed up the pain and joy of being a *Doctor Who* fan, hasn't it? Sometimes it can feel dull and predictable, but only because you know how amazingly exciting and *unpredictable* it can be. We set such high standards for it, so we love it when things like *The Mind Robber* surprise us."

"I see," replies Peter. "So is that why *Wheel* and *The Dominators* seemed so dull?"

"No," says Jac. "That's just because they were *rubbish*."

And you said ...

THE WHEEL IN SPACE

"The defeat of the Cybermen is so laughably easy it would be anticlimactic ... if there had been any sense in the story that a proper climax was ever on the cards"
ROB SHEARMAN, LONDON

THE DOMINATORS

"It's clear from the script that Cully's an arrogant, angry young rebel – so what was Morris Barry thinking when he hired the rotund, genial, middle-aged Arthur Cox?"
TONY DARBYSHIRE, LANCASTER

"Tensa seems to be the only person on Dulkis who is neither an OAP or a student. No wonder she's thought of as such a honey!"
KIT PERREN, CHESHIRE

THE MIND ROBBER

"The void is the main thing I remember from watching this first time around. The abstract feeling of endlessness; of their being, literally, *nothing* out there ..."
KEITH TOPPING, TYNESIDE

"At last the TARDIS can be invaded and apparently destroyed – it's as if some of the more ghostly theories put forward in *Inside the Spaceship* are finally being given free rein"
ROB SHEARMAN, LONDON

"I wonder if the original viewers thought that Jamie had changed for good, rather like the Doctor had himself?"
KIT PERREN, CHESHIRE

"A friend of mine once attended a script-writing seminar chaired by a BBC producer who claimed to have been one of Doctor Who's assistants. The producer? Hamish Wilson. Bit cheeky of him ..."
TONY DARBYSHIRE, LANCASTER

"Well, the sets look bad and the clockwork soldiers are naff, but the characters are such fun!"
STEVE HARDY, DORSET

The Team will be facing Tobias Vaughan and his sinister silver servants in **DWM** 310 – so if you want to comment on *The Invasion* 1-5, or the last three parts of *The Mind Robber*, you've got until 1 October! Write to: *The Time Team*, **Doctor Who Magazine**, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. E-mail: *dwm@panini.co.uk*

Vengeance on Varos

Torture, torment, pain and suffering, all in the name of entertainment – but so much for what was happening behind the scenes! **Andrew Pixley** rewinds a video nasty on its way to DVD ...

PART ONE

A manacled man, Jondar, dodges to evade laser beams; his plight is televised into the homes of an advanced population. In the cell of one viewing couple, Etta reminds her husband Arak that it is the Governor's punch-in vote that night. The Governor is in conference with an alien delegate called Sil, a representative of the Galatron Mining Corporation, who is refusing to pay the price the Governor demands for Zeiton 7 ore; Varos is not a rich planet and the ore is all they have to sell, although they are starting to market sadistic tapes of torture from their Punishment Dome. What the Governor does not know is that his Chief Officer is making an illicit deal with Sil to ensure that Galatron can buy the Zeiton 7 cheaply.

The TARDIS suddenly stops, and the Doctor tells Peri that there is a power problem; they are stranded between Cetes and Sculptor. A morose Doctor suddenly realises that if they can make it to Varos in the constellation of Cetes during its mining period, they can acquire some Zeiton 7 to solve the power loss.

At the punch-in vote which will determine whether the Governor lives or dies, the population vote to reject the suggestion that food rations be reduced by 10%. Showing considerable strength, the Governor survives the cell disintegrator rays that pour down, and still refuses to give in to Sil. To appease the population, an officer called Bax suggests executing the rebel Jondar using the random laser emitter. Jondar's wife, Areta, is also held in a prison cell and finds herself menaced by the masked-figure of Mr Quillam, a sadistic Punishment Dome official.

The TARDIS materialises in the prison area as Jondar is about to be killed, and the lone guard there, Maldak, advances on the Police Box*. The Doctor and Peri emerge and, with Jondar's help, disarm Maldak; the laser is then used to burn through Jondar's manacles. The Chief dispatches an IR squad to apprehend the rebels, and the Governor again demands seven credits a unit for Zeiton from Sil. The guards isolate the Doctor's party from the TARDIS, forcing them into the prison corridors; there they meet Areta, who has been released by Rondel, a sympathetic guard. The Doctor learns that they are in the main Punishment Dome, where prisoners are tortured and executed for the entertainment of the masses; Rondel is gunned down. To get back to the TARDIS, the party must cross the Purple Zone where their perceptions are distorted; a tiny gee-jee fly appears massive. Watching on the monitors, Sil and the Chief fear the Doctor is from the rival Amorb Prospect Division.

The Doctor's party find that the TARDIS has been removed from the prison area; technicians attempt to open the box at the communications centre. In the corridors, the Doctor is separated from his friends, who are soon captured by Maldak. As the Doctor enters a no-options kill centre, the Governor announces that the situation is under control; the vote to crush the rebellion goes in his favour and revitalizing rays bathe his body.

The Doctor enters a corridor where he hallucinates that he is in a desert. Brought into Control, Peri sees the Doctor collapse on the floor, convinced he is dying of thirst. Bax announces that the Doctor's life signs have gone. The Governor directs him to hold the camera shot, maximising the tension: "And cut it ... now!"

PART TWO

Sil insists that the Governor interrogates Peri, believing she works for Amorb, but the idea of rivals for Galatron appeals to the Governor. Peri's story of where she comes from is dismissed as lies, and Sil demands that she is placed in the reshapement chamber where she will change form. The Governor decides to stage a "primitive execution" for the male prisoners.

Unexpectedly, the Doctor comes back to life in the mortuary, and the populace see his guards end up in an acid bath. The Doctor's freedom is short lived – he runs into Quillam, and is taken at gunpoint to the execution cages. While Peri and Areta are taken away for the cell mutation experiments, the Doctor and Jondar mount the gallows to be hanged. The Doctor asks about the price of Zeiton 7 before the executions, which turn out to be a sham. Sil is furious that the Doctor could be an alternative bidder for the ore, and his rash action in ordering his guards to attack makes the Governor listen to the Doctor.

Quillam has Peri and Areta secured for his transmogrification experiment, as Sil tells the Chief that he has decided to send for a Galatron Occupation Force and take over Varos himself. Peri starts to grow feathers while Areta becomes reptillian. The Doctor confronts Quillam, revealing that beneath Quillam's mask are scars from early experiments he carried out on himself. The distraction allows Jondar to grab a gun, and the two prisoners destroy a control console before leaving to find the women. With the process aborted, Peri and Areta return to normal, though both are weak; as Jondar attends to his wife, the Doctor urges Peri to try to walk.*

In the corridors, the disorientated Peri becomes separated from the others and is soon recaptured. The Chief confronts the Governor and tells him that he must face his final vote; awaiting the broadcast, the Governor admits that the system of the senior officer guard is unworkable. Guarding the Governor and Peri is Maldak, a senior officer who might find himself next elected to the doomed position of Governor. When the vote goes against the Governor, Maldak destroys the ray device above his chair; the trio plan their escape via the ducts.

The Doctor, Areta and Jondar evade a hallucinogenic trap to be confronted by cannibals, and then by a curtain of vines that are deadly to the touch. The Doctor uses these to lure the Chief and Quillam into a fatal trap when they arrive, and is then reunited with Peri. Sil's attempts to summon an invasion force from his home world of Thoros-Beta are quashed by his superiors; a fresh discovery of Zeiton 7 means that Galatron will now pay any price needed and the Governor opens negotiations at 20 credits per unit. Given a gift of Zeiton 7 for the TARDIS, the Doctor and Peri prepare to depart. The population of Varos watch a final speech from their new Governor; he promises a better future – and their screens turn to static.

Hanging around: the Doctor (Colin Baker) and Jondar (Jason Connery). © BBC Video

'You have only one life ...'

The TARDIS has stalled in a temporal void.

PERI Why won't it move, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR This is the one occurrence the TARDIS cannot overcome. Like all things in the Universe, she cannot move without power or energy.
PERI Yes Doctor, but we can ... Don't give up ... please!
THE DOCTOR [*gloomily*] It's all right for you Peri ...
PERI Me ... why is it OK for me?
THE DOCTOR You have only one life ... you will age here in the TARDIS and then die ... me, I shall go on regenerating until all my lives are spent.

From **Vengeance on Varos** *Part One, by Philip Martin*

End of episode in four-part version

In Production

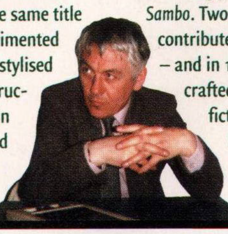
Violence on Varos: recording the infamous acid bath sequence, in which two guards get an unwanted deep-cleansing. © BBC Video

With his six year-old daughter Hilary, Lancaster-based writer Philip Martin had watched Peter Davison's first season in *Doctor Who*. Two years earlier, in 1980, Martin had been approached by the show's then-script editor, Christopher H Bidmead, and asked to contribute a story idea – but, busy with other projects, the writer had been disinterested. Early in 1982, finding himself impressed by the show's intellectual concepts and diversity of approach, Martin submitted an idea 'on spec' for a four-parter featuring Davison's Doctor plus companions Nyssa and Tegan. This took the notion of an alien-run entertainment business selling so-called 'video nasties' including 'snuff' movies, in which real deaths were apparently recorded (unregulated horror films were then a cause of great public concern and controversy). The idea won a positive response from script editor Eric Saward, who knew of Martin from his offbeat 1970s series *Gangsters*.

Armed with the notion of a society exporting video nasties, Saward asked Martin to find a suitable setting. Politics and economics fascinated Martin, who developed the idea of a planet that was formerly a prison colony, like Australia – where the original officer class had become the rulers of an emergent nation. Martin also wanted to depict the horrors of state execution as a response to groups calling for a return to capital punishment. This idea was attractive to Saward – but producer John Nathan-Turner was wary, fearing that Martin might inject political comment into the storyline.

WRITER Philip Martin

Born in Liverpool in 1935, Philip Martin trained as an actor at RADA, appearing in films including *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. Martin began to write while working in the fringe theatre; his first television scripts were for *Z Cars* in 1969, followed by material for LWT's *New Scotland Yard*; he also wrote plays for Radio 3 and BBC2's *Thirty Minute Theatre*. His big TV break came with *Gangsters*, a tough *Play For Today* thriller about Birmingham's multi-racial criminal underworld; broadcast in January 1975, the play spawned two serials of the same title which experimented with highly stylised narrative structures (Martin also featured as an actor in both the original play and the very final episode). In 1977, his play *Dead Soldiers* won the Imperial Tobacco Prize, and he became resident dramatist at the Liverpool Playhouse, authoring pieces including *Sambo*. Two years later, he contributed to *Shoestring* – and in 1980, he crafted a science fiction play, *The Unknown*, for the BBC's *Playhouse*.



Martin was therefore guided through a rigorous storylining process, despite being an established writer.

A serial breakdown entitled *Domain* was commissioned from Martin on Tuesday 13 April 1982, by which time it had been decided that Nyssa would be written out during the next season; a new character, Turlough, had been in development for some time. Martin's scene breakdown had been submitted by Friday 4 June. There was a lull in the story's development over the summer, but on Thursday 14 October, Nathan-Turner commissioned the first of four episodes of *Domain*, to be delivered by Saturday 30 October. This target was later revised to Monday 15 November, with the idea now being that the story could possibly form part of Davison's third season.

Escape to danger: Jondar leads Peri through the Punishment Dome. © BBC Video

Domain Part One was formally accepted for development on Thursday 27 January 1983; Parts Two to Four were commissioned the same day, with a target delivery date of Monday 4 April. Martin delivered the three new scripts on Thursday 7 April. Soon afterwards, it became known that both Tegan and Turlough would both be written out in the 1984 season, and a single new companion, Peri, introduced. Furthermore, Davison was not to continue for a fourth year, and the Doctor would soon enter his Sixth incarnation. Because special stories were needed to introduce both the companion and the new Doctor, Martin's script slipped back to the following season. This allowed Saward more time to work on Martin's scripts; the script editor saw them as a 'wonderful confusion' of many changing elements, and was helping Martin to redraft and sharpen his ideas.

Around early June 1983, it was decided that Season 22 would consist of 'double-length' 45-minute episodes; the first story to be commissioned for the new format was apparently *Timelash* from Glen McCoy (in late June), followed by Peter Ling's *Hex*. Martin was therefore asked to restructure *Domain* into two parts, featuring the new Doctor and Peri; Saward saw this as a blow, because the story was developing well in the 25-minute format.

Martin delivered the reformatted serial, now entitled *Planet of Fear*, on Thursday 11 August 1983; the aim of this draft was to maintain the pace and action of the four-part version, which it was agreed Martin had achieved. Martin later claimed that when he delivered these scripts, neither the new Doctor nor Peri had been cast; in fact, Colin Baker had now been chosen as the Doctor, but the news was not announced until the following week – and Nicola Bryant had been unveiled as Peri at the start of July.

With the scripts submitted, Martin waited for a response from Nathan-Turner and turned to other projects. On Friday 30 September, Martin contacted the producer to say that he had been commissioned to write a book entitled *How to Write for TV*, and wondered if he could use *Planet of Fear* as his working example. Nathan-Turner read the scripts on Thursday 6 October, but was tied up with filming in Lanzarote for *Planet of Fire* for much of the remaining month. Martin's agent, Sheila Lemon, contacted the production office on Friday 28 October to say that payments on the rewritten *Planet of Fear* were now overdue; Martin was formally commissioned retrospectively for his reformatting of *Planet of Fear* as a two-parter on Monday 28 November. Four weeks later, on Wednesday 28 December, Martin submitted three new ideas for *Doctor Who: Doomwraiths*, *Space Sargasso* and *Valley of Shadows* [see panel].

Martin heard nothing further for some time, and with the last three episodes of the original commission still not formally accepted, was unable to receive his fee; Lemon therefore pressed the BBC for a decision at the start of 1984. Saward was heavily involved in a complete overhaul of Anthony Steven's *The Twin Dilemma* during December and January, and was unable to respond – but on Wednesday 1 February, Saward asked Martin to come in to discuss *Planet of Fear*. Saward was concerned by the lengths of the scripts – Part One being very short – and by the lack of material for Peri in the opening instalment.

Martin attended a meeting with Saward on Thursday 9 February; the production team indicated that they now required a departure from the previously 'linear' form of exposition and storytelling, allowing refinement of narrative and characters with reference to the contemporary issue of

Pointing the finger: the Governor gets a dressing down from the Doctor. © BBC Video

UNUSED STORYLINES Philip Martin

In December 1983, partway through the scripting process for the story that became *Vengeance on Varos*, Philip Martin submitted three new story ideas to script editor Eric Saward.

Doomwraiths

The longest of the ideas was based on a theory put forward by Professor Fred Hoyle; it suggested that mankind was an amalgam of coded information blocks sent to Earth aeons ago by a doomed race – blocks which might later be reconstructed into their original form ... In Martin's storyline, the TARDIS alerts the Doctor to the fact that a regeneration is in progress nearby, suggesting the presence of a fellow Time Lord. The Doctor instead finds the élite of the Doomwraiths emerging, reconstituted, as shimmering metal columns with many moving strips and a deadly purpose. The Wraiths find that human evolution has failed, and mankind has not taken on their form; they will thus release a plague to destroy humanity, relocate the missing section of genetic code and repopulate Earth themselves. The Doctor and 'Perri' discover that the Doomwraiths themselves have a genetic flaw which gives them the impulse to destroy. The Doctor manages to destroy the discovered code block, but says that the Doomwraiths may have left their legacy on other worlds.

Space Sargasso

This had the TARDIS being pulled into a section of space full of the wrecks of other spacecraft; the craft have been cannibalised. Someone is building a vast space warship – and wants to incorporate the TARDIS. The villain is a "huge goblin-like creature known as 'The Engineer'" – who is, in turn, controlled by the Master.

Valley of Shadows

In the final of the three storylines, the Doctor and 'Perri' arrive at the excavation of Tell El-Amarna in Egypt – where 'Perri' is apparently crushed to death. Hoping to make her spirit live again, the Doctor joins a mysterious guide on a journey to the Egyptian underworld. He travels back to ancient Egypt, discovering that the Pharaoh Akhenaton and his priesthood used the power of an alien life-force to consolidate their rule.

On Friday 9 March 1984, Saward thanked Martin for the new storylines, but indicated that he found them too vague to develop further.

video nasties. Furthermore, Martin was given scripts written for the new action-orientated Doctor and Peri, along with a copy of *The Twin Dilemma* so he could incorporate them into a redraft – specifically, making Peri more central to the story. The production team also wanted the alien character of Sil raised in status to be the major villain, and the Governor rewritten to become a more duty-bound public servant.

Sil, a minor alien businessman in *Planet of Fear*, had been developed as an aquatic creature in a tank after Martin had read a remark made by prominent science fiction author Isaac Asimov about how sea-based creatures seldom featured in visual SF (Martin also noted that production crews didn't like to have water in studios). Martin had enjoyed the notion of giving Sil a translator device which rendered his dialogue in imperfect English, allowing some humour to counterpoint his very 'heavy' and violent story.

Concerned by the changes requested to be made to *Planet of Fear*, Martin wrote to the production team on Saturday 11 February, saying he was happy to do the work – but since this new brief differed from that of his original commission, a time-consuming rework of the entire script was now necessary. As such, Martin requested an additional fee so that a revised draft could be delivered by Sunday 11 March to enter production in October 1984; the storyline was therefore scheduled as the penultimate serial of the season. Lemon pressed for Martin's fee during February; this was eventually agreed at the end of the month, whereupon Martin started work.

Martin sent the revised *Planet of Fear* to Saward on Tuesday 13 March. The main innovation, aside from raising Sil's status, was to introduce Arak and Etta, two observers who would not interact with the other characters; they would be 'silent' observers, satirising the television audience. Saward likened them to commentators in a Greek chorus. On Monday 30 April, Saward thanked Martin for the rewritten *Planet of Fear*, saying that while he liked the new material, the scripts were still too short. At this point, a director was set to join the production on Monday 1 October, with the story being made at the end of the year.

'I wanted *Varos* to have a repressive, no-escape claustrophobia to it'

Ron Jones • *DWM 101*

Then, in early May, the season was rearranged when another serial, *The Space Whale*, was dropped at short notice. This was originally developed in the summer of 1980 by **Doctor Who Weekly** comic strip writers Patrick Mills and John Wagner as a serial for Tom Baker's Doctor; their notion of a community living inside a giant space whale was welcomed by script editor Christopher H Bidmead, and the storyline was refined through to Saward's arrival in spring 1981. Commissioned under the title *Space-Whale* on Monday 7 September 1981, it had been retitled *The Song of the Space Whale* by November – by which time a number of changes had been requested by Saward. Wagner left the project, with Mills producing revised rehearsal scripts by February 1982. However, various problems that could not be ironed out in time for production that summer, when it was planned to introduce the new character of Turlough, and Mills' scripts were dropped in favour of *Mawdryn Undead*. Undeterred, Mills continued to revise *The Space Whale*, incorporating the new incarnation of the Doctor and Peri in late 1983. This was deemed by Saward to be overlength – and by now Mills was finding the requirements from the production office to be ever-changing and contradictory. Saward later called Mills to tell him that, because he felt the characters living inside the whale weren't working, he was pulling the serial from the schedule. (Although Mills subsequently undertook a certain amount of character redevelopment, *The Space Whale* was finally scrapped in autumn 1985.)

The scripts pulled forward at short notice to fill the gap for the imminently joining director were Martin's. It was decided that the existing title was too close to *Planet of Fire*, and so Martin came up with an alternative inspired by the 'V' motif of Varos – and rehearsal scripts titled *Vengence on Varos* [*sic*] were ready on Wednesday 16 May.

'The names Jond ... ar': Connery faces laser (again). © BBC Video

SCRIPTING Future slang

Philip Martin developed new abbreviations, terminology and slang for his script. Arak referred to rebel prisoners as "rebos" and his food was "workfeed" from the "food-dole". References were made to Comm Div (short for Commtech Division), punch-in votes and appreciation figures, Polcorps, Viewpop, viewstat, IR Squad, Commdivdesign and no-options kill centres. Galatron's rivals, Amorb, were originally referred to as AMORB – as if the name were an acronym.

In Part One, the Prison Dome was described as having walls of "a rough rock-like texture". The device which tortures Jondar ("a ragged prisoner" of 21) was a 'random laser beam emitter', generally referred to in the scripts as the 'RLBE'; this was "a large square frame from which protrude a series of tubes that stream different coloured bands of light that are directed towards the opposite wall". In Arak and Etta's first scene, Martin wrote Etta so that she only responded "Yeh" to all of Arak's questions, while staring fixedly at the television screen. Arak's meal comprised "square cubes of ration concentrate"; when he asks what it is, Etta replies, "Her at the food-dole couldn't say. Feed factory ran out of labels."

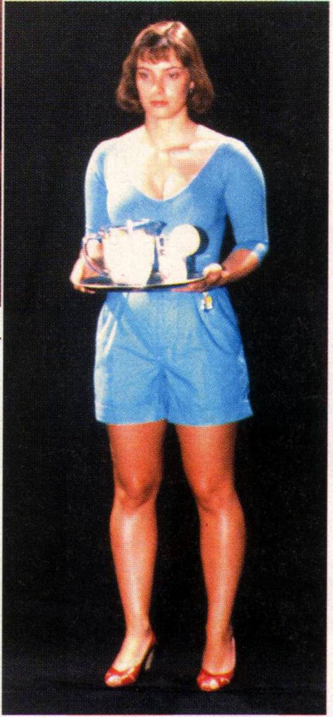
Chorus of disapproval: telly addicts Arak and Etta prepare to cast their vote. © BBC Video

In the first TARDIS scene, the Doctor was "fiddling about with some electronics inside a roundal [sic]. With a sudden flourish he slams the roundal shut". Continuing on from the previous serial, *Attack of the Cybermen*, Peri referred to events since their departure from Telos. Back on Varos, the white-uniformed Governor's office was a "sparse but comfortable enough working and living space ... raised above the desk [is] a human cell disintegrator (HCD) that is linked to the voting figures that appear on a screen ... When the vote is favourable to the Governor, a yellow effusion of light pours down upon him giving him energy and optimism and enhanced lifeforce. When the opposite is the case green and red rays pour down causing a proportion of his cells to be destroyed, pessimism to rule and the juices of his being to be depleted." As the Governor prepared for his address, he was to be attended to by make-up and script girls. Maldak was originally referred to simply as "Guard" ; he was noted to have a "beam gun on his belt" and "a communications microphone on his uniform". The script for Part One originally included a technician in the Governor's office during Jondar's execution, but his dialogue was ultimately given to Bax (a 20 year-old who wears "the orange uniform of the Comm Division").

Sil, the representative of the Galatron Mining Corporation, was "small, reptilian, a native of the watery world of Thoros-Beta. He is supported in a water tank by two husky, helmeted body servants. Sil lifts his voice box and speaks into it with a high shrill whine that is translated (not always accurately) into English." In Part Two, when Sil's fury releases the Governor from accepting Galatron's offer, Sil "realising he has blundered becomes so excited that his voice box bursts with the vehemence of his tirade so that all we hear from Sil for the remainder of the scene is a high pitched spluttering whine."

Rondel's role was far smaller, introduced in the scene where Areta and Jondar are reunited and commenting that he is due back on guard duty; he was then one of the patrol which captures Peri's group later on. This scene also included a long speech from Jondar in which he explains Varos' history as a prison planet for the criminal and insane. At the end of the first script, Martin suggested the use of library film to show a "massive all embracing sandstorm" around the Doctor, including the "howl of simoon wind at its height".

Water torture: the Doctor swelters while Peri gets an (illusory) round in. © BBC Video

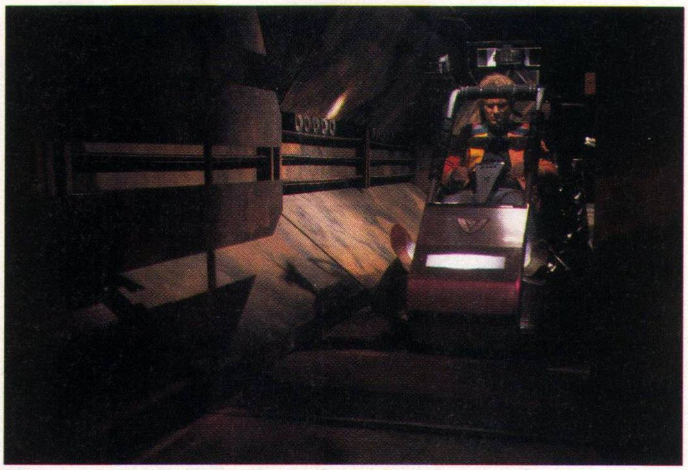


In Part Two, the mortuary scene was originally envisaged with the guards guffawing and waving goodbye to the first body as it disintegrates in the vat. The Doctor was to yawn and sit up, with the guards rushing at him: "The Doctor darts between them, one guard cannons into his colleague and falls into acid vat. Other guard reaches out a hand to help him but such is the strength of the other's fear that second guard is pulled into acid vat also. The Doctor strolls out of cell as sounds of much sizzle is heard."

Originally, the Doctor follows two technicians to the prison control centre: "At the centre of this web of technology sits Quillam, a man with a smooth, plastic featureless mask that hides the ravages of a scarred face. He is manipulating the instrumentation of advanced nuclear technology". This was Quillam's introduction, not having originally featured in Martin's script for Part One. When Quillam's mask was removed, "For a moment whitened scarred tissue and a staring eye is seen."

A prison cell scene in Part Two was to contain more background about the colony on Varos, with Jondar explaining: "Varos is airless. We live in artificial domes scattered about the surface of the planet. Movement between domes, as you can imagine, is impossible without official permission." The priest at the execution was to have been a non-speaking role. The transmutation cell was described as "Empty. Painted white. A pool of coloured fragments swirling down on Peri and Areta from a cell mutation device." While Peri turns into a feathered bird, Areta's skin "is turning to a scaly lizard like multi coloured texture not unlike Sil's own". A "rumble of gloating laughter" was to lead the Doctor, Areta and Jondar towards a chasm in the silver-lighted corridors; the party was then confronted by "a number of ragged wretches, red-eyed and desperate". The final TARDIS scene originally concluded with the Doctor plucking a piece of straw from Peri's hair and asking her if she is planning to build a nest.

The director whom Nathan-Turner originally attempted to engage for Serial 6V was Michael Owen Morris, who had overseen *The Awakening* the previous season. Morris had been requested on Tuesday 25 October 1983, but had proved unavailable – and the serial was allocated to Ron Jones instead, who had directed several stories over the previous two years (*Black Orchid*, *Time-Flight*, *Arc of Infinity* and *Frontios*). Jones was engaged on Tuesday 13 December 1983 to work between Monday 14 May and Friday 7 September 1984. Around this time, Jones was also working on Central's *Murphy's Mob*, in which he cast former companion Janet Fielding. Jones found Martin's scripts very exciting, with the same mix of black humour and violent action seen in *Gangsters*.



The new Varos XR3i: 0-60 in 50 minutes (darkened corridors a speciality). © BBC Video

Vengeance on Varos was to be the only serial with visual effects designed by Charles Jeanes, who had previously been an effects assistant on *Full Circle*. Set designer Tony Snoaden had worked on both *The Sea Devils* and *The Sun Makers* in the 1970s. There was a change in line-up for both costume and make-up supervisor. Originally, these were to have been Caroline Tyrer and John Peacock respectively, but both dropped out near to production; Anne Hardinge replaced Peacock, while make-up would be handled by Cecile Hay-Arthur (this was to be the last of Hay-Arthur's five serials since *Revenge of the Cybermen* a decade before). However, it soon became clear that Hay-Arthur would be needed on another project, and so the second recording session would be supervised by Dorka Nieradzik, often assigned to the series since *The Leisure Hive* in 1980.

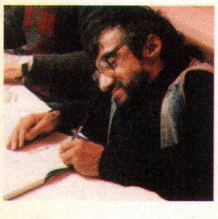
By late May, the scripts for *Vengeance on Varos* were being sent out to prospective actors, and Martin travelled to London for a meeting with Saward; over lunch, Martin pitched another story idea which he formally submitted on Wednesday 23 May, commenting that it would work with or without the return of Sil.

On Friday 15 June, Jonathan Powell, Head of Series and Serials, gave Nathan-Turner his comments on the scripts for *Vengeance on Varos* Part One and *The Two Doctors* Parts One and Two: the former, he declared, was "absolutely excellent".

CASTING Nabil Shaban

Nabil Shaban, who played Sil, was born in Jordan, spending much of his childhood in hospital in Britain, after being born with osteogenesis imperfecta – meaning that his legs were underdeveloped. In hospital, he became fascinated by television (he watched *Doctor Who* from the first Dalek serial on), and took part in documentaries about the physically handicapped.

Shaban trained in office studies, but really wanted to act – and sought advice from the wheelchair-bound performer Michael Flanders. He was also determined to start writing, creating roles that he could play; he trained as a preacher, too, in order to get into broadcasting via religious shows. Shaban joined a drama workshop for the disabled, and in 1980 became the co-founder of a theatre group called the Graeae, which would promote disabled performers and educate audiences about issues affecting them. The group toured North America and featured in the BBC arts show *Arena* in 1981 as part of the International Year of the Disabled. This won Shaban a role in the Channel 4 drama *Walter* (which was seen by Rosalind Ayres, the wife of Martin Jarvis). At the same time BBC producer Alan Shallcross had written to all other producers, asking them to keep in mind less able-bodied actors when casting and mentioning the Graeae.



Doctor Who producer Nathan-Turner passed this letter on to *Vengeance on Varos* director Ron Jones – who, having failed to find a suitable 'small' actor to play Sil, contacted Shaban via Graeae. Jones was concerned that Shaban might not consider a monster a suitable role for for a disabled actor, but Shaban liked the character and saw the potential in it, saying that he would have liked Sil to have been in a bowl of snakes (the strange tongue movements exhibited by snakes owned by a friend later would come to inspire Sil's distinctive laugh).

In fact, Shaban had followed *Doctor Who* into the 1970s, writing to the BBC to suggest that he could take over as the Master after the death of Roger Delgado, and submitting a script called *Invasion of the Veridians* to Nathan-Turner in 1980, suggesting that he should play the Fifth Doctor. Shaban's casting was not welcomed by Shallcross, who was angry at the use of a disabled actor in a monstrous, 'negative' role. Nathan-Turner defended the casting decision on the grounds of Shaban's notable acting talents.

However, both scripts were still running short, and so extra material was added: Part One gained two sequences showing Areta in her prison cell, discussing first what Jondar had discovered about the Officer Elite, and then facing Quillam – who was now to be introduced in a new scene set in the Communications Centre, where he congratulates Bax on his idea for Jondar's execution and then discusses with the Chief the delights he has in store for Areta. Extra material showing Quillam preparing the transmutation cell was added to Part Two, along with more dialogue between the Doctor, the Governor and Quillam in the Prison Control Centre.

Part Two's closing scenes were substantially changed and lengthened. Originally, the Governor suggests to Peri and the guard (Maldak) that they use protective suits to leave and enter the Punishment Dome. A scene in which Quillam, the Chief and Sil examine damaged wall cables was moved from the Governor's office into the corridors. The final confrontation between the Doctor and Quillam was a late rewrite: originally, Quillam and the Chief pursued the prisoners in the guards' car, driving straight into the tendrils and perishing from their touch. The scene in which Sil's plans are foiled was vastly expanded: in Martin's rehearsal script, Sil is on the radio summoning the invasion fleet when a VDU screen informs him that his Executive Council have ordered his return; as Sil considers selling out to Amorb, the Governor and his guards enter to stop him leaving. Saward later added dialogue for the priest in Part Two.

The main guest star for the serial was Martin Jarvis, cast as the Governor. Jarvis had previously been Hilio in 1965's *The Web Planet* and Butler in 1974's *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, since when he had almost featured in 1978's *The Power of Kroll* and become famous for the sitcom *Rings on their Fingers*; he was also a friend of Martin's from their acting days. Jondar was played by Jason Connery, son of film star Sean; this was one of his earliest TV roles, and in 1985 he took over as the star of HTV's *Robin of Sherwood*. Stephen Yardley, cast as Arak, had appeared in *Genesis of the Daleks* in 1975, and since then had been prominent in Granada's *The XYY Man* and the BBC's *Secret Army* – which Jones had remembered him from.

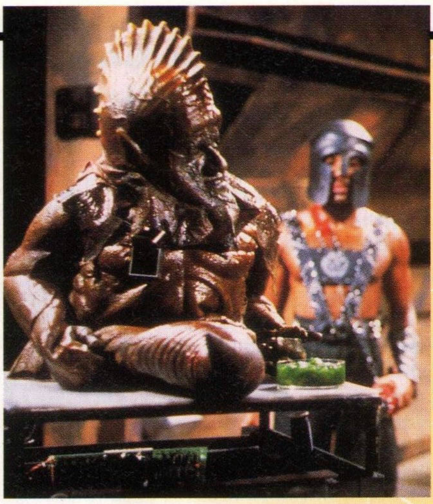
On Monday 18 June, Martin visited the production office again and met with Nathan-Turner, who had just returned from an appearance at PanoptiCon West in Ohio with Colin Baker. *Vengeance on Varos* was confirmed as the second serial to be transmitted in January 1985 by the Drama Early Warning Synopsis issued on Thursday 21 June, which promoted the guest cast line-up of Connery, Forbes Collins (playing the Chief), Jarvis, Yardley and Sheila Reid (playing Etta). Bryant was recontracted to appear in the rest of the season on Monday 25 June.

> **'I concede that our judgement may have been a touch imperfect – in the acid bath sequence, for example'**
>
> John Nathan-Turner • DWM 239

Beautiful plumage: Nicola Bryant gets an avian makeover. © BBC Video

Rehearsals for *Vengeance on Varos* began on Monday 9 July with a read-through. Baker and Bryant had finished recording *Attack of the Cybermen* the previous Saturday, and both stars found Martin's scripts funny and exciting. During rehearsals, the pair added touches such as the Doctor's chiding of Peri's Americanised pronunciation of 'z' ('zee') and the notion of the Doctor rubbing his cat badge for luck. On Thursday 12 July, Nathan-Turner found that the cast and crew had arranged a birthday surprise for him at the Acton Rehearsal Block; entering the room, he found everyone decked out in Hawaiian shirts akin to those he tended to wear.

COSTUME Sil



Nabil Shaban only appeared as Sil on three studio days: Friday 20 July, Wednesday 1 and Thursday 2 August. The costume made for him by Charles Jeanes was a latex outfit, with Shaban's legs fitting into a stubby maggot tail; the cowled head piece was originally attached to the body, and had to be sawn off in studio when it became impractical.

Shaban spent two hours in make-up and wore pointed false teeth; the actor was looked after by his colleague Tom Watt, who had worked with him on the 1983 show *Crutch* and later found fame as Lofty in *EastEnders*. Watt helped Shaban to get around, keeping him cool with drinks and an electric fan; in the heat, the glue around the face-piece kept coming unstuck. The original intention of having Sil bobbing about in the water tank was vetoed as impractical, with producer John Nathan-Turner instructing Shaban to be placed above the tank.

The gunge eaten by Sil was coloured mashed peaches, and Shaban's voice was modulated into alien tones, as well as used to activate the flashing light on Sil's translator box.

Unmasked: Quillam's ravaged features. © BBC Video

The first three-day recording block centred largely on scenes set inside the Punishment Dome. This started in TC6 on Wednesday 18 July, with taping between 7.30 and 10.00pm. First, the two new scenes of Areta in the Prison Cell were recorded for Part One. Next came the scenes in Corridor H, the Desert, which concluded Part One. Bryant's appearance as the illusory Peri was taped on a CSO area, with the actress getting very cold from the fans blowing upon her; she was unhappy with her costume of blue leotard top and shorts. Scenes showing the electric guards' car (a troublesome vehicle, complete with rotating radar) making its way along Corridors M and N in Part Two were taped next, followed by the insert shot showing the scarred mortuary attendant, played by stuntman Gareth Milne, in the raised water tank which stood in for the acid bath. While Milne's burn make-up was removed, a single scene was recorded on Corridor E for Part One before the remainder of the Mortuary scenes were taped, followed by more Part One scenes involving the electric car. The Prison Dome scene in which the TARDIS was found to have vanished, and another Prison Dome sequence for use on the videoscreens in Part Two, came next. The last shots of the evening were planned to be the establishing shots of the domed model city seen in Part One, which were additional to the rehearsal scripts; this was a redressed model originally made for *Orbit*, a 1981 episode of *Blake's 7*. The evening's recording over-ran by 30 minutes.

Thursday 19 saw taping begin with an afternoon session between 2.30 and 6.00pm, although concerns raised by lighting director Dennis Channon delayed recording for half-an-hour. The first scenes scheduled were those in the Prison Dome and the adjacent Corridor A for Part One, including all the 'laser obliteration' scenes. In the evening session following, the Corridor Z scene in which Doctor becomes separated from his friends preceded his moving towards the

EDITING Cut sequences

Vengeance on Varos was edited between Sunday 19 and Wednesday 29 August, with director Ron Jones dropping a lot of what writer Philip Martin felt were the more humorous elements.

The original edit of Part One ran to 53 minutes 39 seconds. The first cut was to remove an early insert showing Bax watching Jondar's torture. Arak and Etta's first scene was shortened, removing Arak getting his meal while Etta stares fixedly at Jondar's torture – and their next scene lost Etta saying she would like to see how far Arak could get in the Dome of Punishment ("Married to you prepares me to survive anything," replies Arak). The end of the opening TARDIS scene was removed; here, the Doctor reminds Peri that he has stabilised the chameleon circuit – but she points out that the ship has since materialised as a pyramid "on the frozen plains of Ewan Nine". The Doctor complains loudly when Peri says he is intolerant, and then suddenly realises that there is something amiss with the TARDIS' power transmission.

"And cut it ... now!" Most of these prison sequences were excised during editing. © BBC Video

The end of the first scene between the Governor and Sil lost the Governor saying, "I am not afraid to die. My family have served and perished at the will of the people ... now if it is my turn, so be it"; he looks up as the HCD activates. The next scene in the Governor's office was dropped entirely: here, the Chief enters to discuss the Governor's address with him, telling him to bend the truth to get the Varosians on his side. The start of the Chief and Sil talking in the Communications Centre early in the next scene was also cut. A sequence showing Jondar awaiting execution was removed, as was the start of the Governor's next address to the populace and Quillam's introductory scene in the Communications Centre. The beginning of the scene in which the TARDIS lands on Varos was trimmed, omitting Peri's comments on how it looks like the Middle Ages and the Doctor's reply that they have landed in the "latter half of the 23rd century" (making sense of Peri's comment in Part Two on how she had lived three centuries earlier). Dialogue in which Arak shows his enthusiasm for action as Maldak is overpowered was dropped, along with shots of he and Etta laughing as the Doctor's party enters the Purple Zone. The end of the scene in which the Doctor reveals the 'monster' to be a light effect was removed. The final cut to Part One had the Governor telling the Chief that the unopenable TARDIS was his problem.

Part Two's opening scenes were slightly re-arranged. The first mortuary scene was to show a guard dropping his badge into the acid by accident, which causes Arak to remark "They always do that"; this insert was dropped and the shots re-ordered. Another cut had Arak booing the screen after the guards fell in the acid bath, followed by a scene in which the Doctor hides from two technicians in a corridor. A small cut was made to the scene in which the Doctor meets Quillam, with the latter saying that his energy weapon is set to maximum force. The end of the scene in which Etta completes her viewer's report was excised, as Arak complains about having to watch the cannibals.

Most of the prison cell sequences, in which the Doctor discusses the situation on Varos with Jondar and Areta, were removed. Here, Jondar explains that he maintained surface shuttle cars, but became curious about how the Chief Officer lived; entering his dome, he saw the wealth behind the giant deception played on the Varosians. He and Areta were arrested without trial.

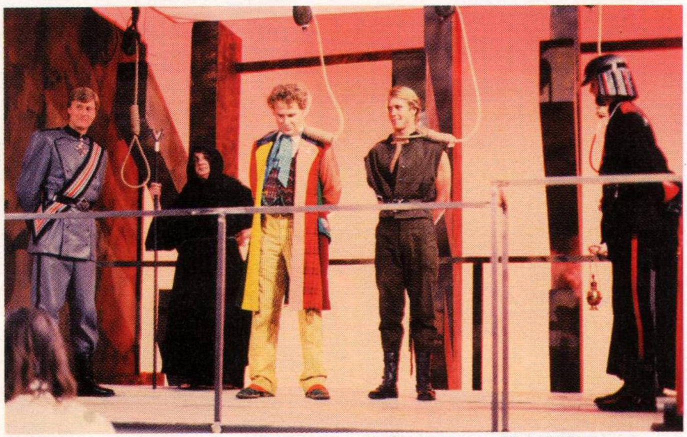
The end of the fake hanging was cut, including the explosion of Sil's trans-communicator and the Governor ordering the experiment on the women to be halted; the start of the next scene showing Quillam readying Areta and Peri for his experiment was also removed. A trim was made to the end of the scene in which the women are rescued. The next scene, in which Arak complains about the boring coverage, was removed. The discussion between the Chief and Quillam about what the populace of Varos are seeing on their screens was shortened, and the end of the scene in which the Doctor's party enter the eerie corridor was lost. A brief sequence in which Sil demands to know what happened when Maldak destroyed the HCD was removed, as was the start of Quillam and the Chief discussing the Governor's escape. A brief scene showing the Chief and Quillam in one of the cars was dropped.

Finally, the concluding TARDIS scene was removed altogether; here, the Doctor chides Peri about her experiences as a bird.

Purple Zone; this was followed by all the sequences inside Corridor F, the Purple Zone itself. The Part One scene in which Peri is captured in Corridor G was taped next, followed by the Doctor blowing a fuse in Prison Corridor B earlier in the same episode. The final sequences planned for recording were the Part One meeting between Areta and Rondel in Corridor D, and Peri wandering off from the Doctor's party in Corridor L in Part Two.

The main consideration on Friday 20 was the Transmutation Cell scenes, which were recorded in almost reverse order during the day with scenes in the Governor's Office fitted in around them. Taping started with Bryant and Geraldine Alexander – playing Areta – in full creature make-up, with the make-up elements being progressively removed; an idea to record these shots with shredded material blown across the scene to indicate the beam was abandoned as too time-consuming. Face casts had been taken of both actresses, from which Hay-Arthur had crafted the make-up. Due to the lack of time, the make-up team removed these appliances as quickly as possible, hoping that the actresses' skin would heal in the fortnight before the next recording. Scenes showing the Chief and Sil watching from outside in Corridor K were also taped in the make-up gaps. Sequences in the Governor's office included various speeches that were needed to be played back on monitors in the next studio session, with Jarvis using an autocue on occasion. Like many of the Varos sets, this was a very dark, grey area which Jones felt emphasised the air of martial Fascism suggested by the scripts. In a divergence from the script, green light was used to indicate a losing vote, rather than red and green. Taping over-ran by 30 minutes, with Jones opting to delay a couple of scenes in the Governor's office until the second studio.

> **'Mindless violence is corrosive to any society, and Varos was perfectly created to show this'**
>
> Martin Jarvis • DWM 201


Gallows humour: Jarvis, Baker and Connery smile for the Great Vid-e-ohhh! © BBC Video

Rehearsals restarted on Saturday 21 July, with Martin attending the following Monday; the cast were joined by Yardley and Reid, who had not been needed previously. The second studio had been planned to run between Wednesday 1 and Friday 3 August, but was advanced by a day. Recording therefore began on the evening of Tuesday 31 July with the Part Two scenes in the Governor's office held over from the first session, after which the corridor set was filled with dry ice 'mist' and lit green to become the Eerie Corridor in Part Two. Here, inlay was used for the shots featuring the model 'lava pit'; the scenes were recorded twice, with Baker, Connery and Alexander all appearing as their phantom selves. Various Part Two scenes involving the electric car were then taped in Prison Corridor B, followed by the scene in which a dead body is found near the poison vines, then Peri getting lost in Corridor L. Scenes in Corridor M, leading to the poison vines were followed by scenes showing the Governor, Maldak and Peri both in another corridor and at the shaft exit.

The Doctor and Maldak discuss who was the best James Bond. Jondar mediates. © BBC Video

Following a 47-minute late start, most of the afternoon and evening of Wednesday 1 August was devoted to scenes set in the Prison Communications Centre (PCC) and its adjacent corridor; this large set included a colour monitor onto which various Prison Dome scenes could be placed, as well as a bank of 15 small monochrome monitors carrying other images. Captions were also superimposed on some of the pre-recorded images – such as "EXECUTION!" when Jondar's imminent death is announced. The final scenes showed the Doctor in Corridor J from Part Two through to his confrontation with Quillam in the Changing Room. For this recording, actor Nicholas Chagrin wore a prosthetic of Quillam's deformed eye made by Nieradzik.

The afternoon of the final studio day, Thursday 2, was devoted to the Prt Two scenes in the Prison Cell and the adjacent Gallows Area; there was a delay when the scaffolding collapsed as Connery and Baker mounted the gallows, but the actors were not harmed and the set was soon repaired. The evening session began with all the scenes showing Arak and Etta observing events in their Cell. Scheduled last, on the grounds that they would be the easiest to remount, were the scenes in the TARDIS Console Room; the set was dressed with an additional blue chair. The following day, Nathan-Turner indicated that he wanted Sil's costume and tank to be retained, since he intended to reintroduce the character.

A gallery-only day was held in TC4 on Thursday 9 August to add electronic elements: the red and blue beams of the RLBE, the red blips of the guards' guns, the TARDIS' materialisation, pictures on the TARDIS' scanner, the disintegrating guard, the laser drill and the transmogrification sequences were all completed. 16 seconds' worth of colour film of a bluebottle from Oxford Scientific Films was used for the 'gee-jee fly' seen in the Purple Zone, while the 45 seconds' worth of desert landscape came from the EMI Picture Library.

Part One was dubbed on Wednesday 19 and Thursday 20 September, with Part Two following on Monday 22 and Tuesday 23 October. Jonathan Gibbs of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop provided a 34-minute incidental music score.

Broadcast in January 1985, *Vengeance on Varos* found itself up against the highly popular American action series *The A-Team* in various ITV regions. The fall in audience numbers from the first episode of the season continued, with *Doctor Who* appearing outside the Top 100 programmes. Although *Vengeance on Varos* enjoyed a slight improvement in appreciation figures from *Attack of the Cybermen*, complaints about the torture scenes were soon forthcoming: various comments were aired on BBC1's *Points of View* on Friday 1 February, followed by critical letters from concerned parent Harry Watson of Linlithgow and MA Murrel of Beckenham in the *Radio Times* on Thursday 7 February.

Generally, *Vengeance on Varos* was marketed abroad as a four-part serial, in which form it aired in Australia in December 1985 and New Zealand in 1989; in particular, the New Zealand version was heavily censored to remove over eight minutes' material (largely from the new Part Three). The serial was sold to North America in 1985, where it was also syndicated as an 87-minute TV Movie. A German-dubbed version, *Revolte auf Varos* ('Revolt on Varos') was aired by VOX in March 1995.

Martin started to novelise his scripts for publishers WH Allen in 1985, but his work on Season 23's *Mindwarp* and then BBC2's *Star Cops* meant that the book's release was delayed from its intended January 1986 slot. The finished version, *Doctor Who: Vengeance on Varos*, adhered particularly to the original rehearsal script and bore a cover painting by David McAllister. A hardback was issued in January 1988, with a Target paperback following in June 1988. A reprint with a cover by Alister Pearson was published in January 1993. In Spring 1995, Colin Baker recorded an abridged version of the book for BBC Worldwide; this was not released on cassette until November 1997. Other associated merchandise included a bust of Sil issued by Fine Art Castings in January 1986 as part of a 'Villains' set, and a Harlequin Miniatures Sil figure released in November 1999.

Vengeance on Varos became a BBC Video release in May 1993, when it was issued in its original two-part form with a cover painting by Andrew Skilleter. The four-part version was shown on UK Gold in October 1994, and a compilation has aired several times since December 1994.

The original one-inch videotapes having since been transferred to the D3 digital format, a DVD of the serial was scheduled for release by BBC Worldwide in October 2001: ten of the deleted sequences, taken from the late Jones' own VHS copies, were planned to be included as bonus features (including the lost TARDIS console room ending); an audio commentary by Baker, Bryant and Nabil Shaban was recorded on 29 March 2001 also for inclusion on the disc. DWM

SERIAL 6V *Vengeance on Varos*

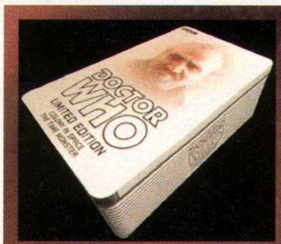
CAST **Colin Baker** *The Doctor with* **Jason Connery** *Jondar*, **Sheila Reid** *Etta*, **Stephen Yardley** *Arak*, **Nicola Bryant** *Peri*, **Martin Jarvis** *Governor*, **Nabil Shaban** *Sil*, **Forbes Collins** *Chief Officer**, **Graham Cull** *Bax*, **Keith Skinner** *Rondel* [1], **Geraldine Alexander** *Areta*, **Nicholas Chagrin** *Quillam*, **Owen Teale** *Maldak*, **Hugh Martin** *Priest* [2].
**Billed in Radio Times as 'Chief'*

EXTRAS **Ronnie Cush**, **Anthony Wellington**, **Kwabena Monso** *Attendants*; **Trevor Wedlock**, **Peter Dukes** *Technicians*; **Peter Garvie-Adams**, **Wayne Thistleton**, **Ray Knight**, **Les Conrad**, **Robert Smythe**, **Bob Tarff** *Guards*; **Gareth Milne**, **Roy Alon** *Mortuary Attendants*; **Jack McGuire**, **Alan Troy** *Madmen*; **Sam Scott**, **Charles Rayford** *Monks*; **Bob Tarff** *Executioner*; **David Wilde** *Body*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Philip Martin**. *Incidental Music* **Jonathan Gibbs**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills, BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Production Manager* **Margot Eavis**. *Production Associate* **Sue Anstruther**. *Production Assistant* **Jane Whittaker** [*and* **Pat Greenland**, *uncredited, on Block One*]. *Assistant Floor Manager* **Sophie Neville**. *Visual Effects Designer* **Charles Jeanes**. *Video Effects* **Dave Chapman**. *Technical Co-Ordinator* **Alan Arbuthnott**. *Camera Supervisor* **Alec Wheal**. *Vision Mixers* **Nigel Finnis** [*Block One*], **Jayne Beckett** [*Block Two*]. *Videotape Editor* **Hugh Parson**. *Lighting Director* **Dennis Channon**. *Studio Sound* **Andy Stacey**. *Costume Designer* **Anne Hardinge**. *Make-Up Designers* **Cecile Hay-Arthur** [*Block One*], **Dorka Nieradzik** [*Block Two*]. *Script Editor* **Eric Saward**. *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton**. *Designer* **Tony Snoaden**. *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Director* **Ron Jones**. BBC © 1984

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Part One	19 January 1985	5.20-6.05pm	44'42"	7.2M (110th)	63
Part Two	26 January 1985	5.20-6.05pm	44'43"	7.0M (108th)	65



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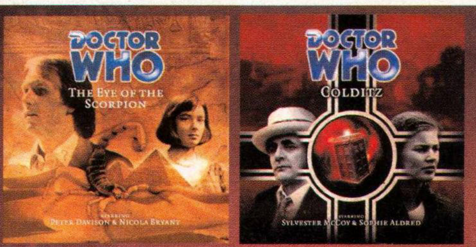

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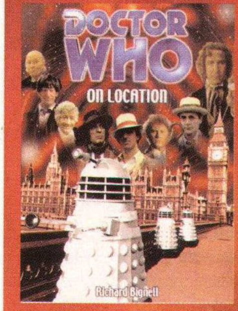

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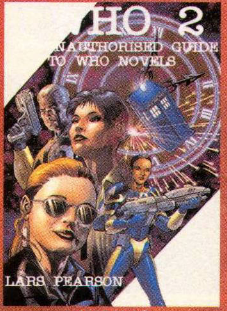

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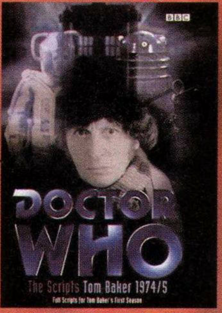

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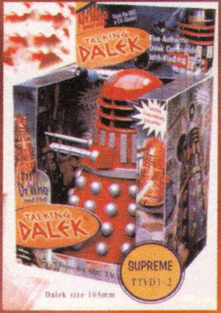

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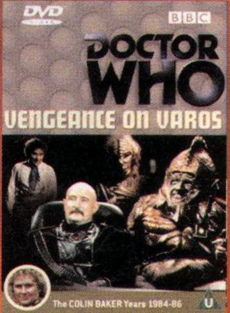

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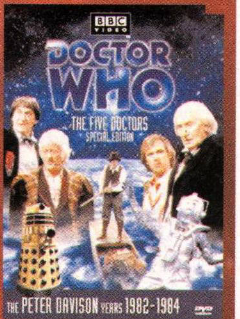

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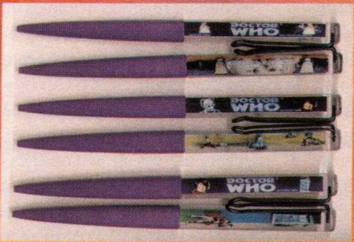

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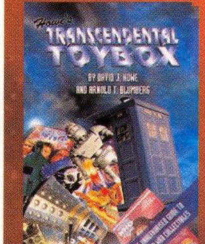

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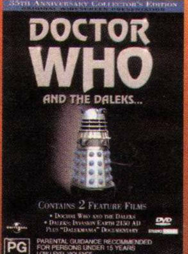

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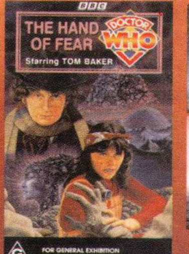

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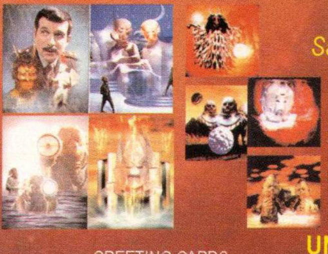

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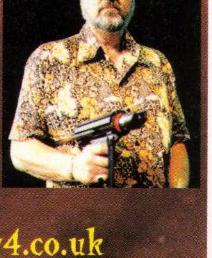

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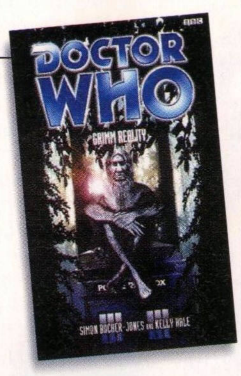

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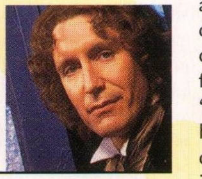
You'll like this if you like ... *Sleepy Hollow, The Wizard of Oz, The Scarlet Empress, Conundrum*
Watch out for A forest appearing from nowhere ...

Once upon a time there was a world unlike our own, where wishes came true. Where Doctor Know-All fitted right in – after all, he knew how to fix a toad's broken leg. Where Fitz struggled to survive by entertaining his new friends. Where Anji couldn't help, because she'd been put to work as a slave, unable even to wish herself out of her predicament. Let's just hope they all lived happily ever after ...

Simon Bucher-Jones has, for the last couple of years, worked only in collaboration. Why? “Two compelling reasons,” he says, “one aged five, one two: my daughters. I can't write a book on my own in four months, work a 36-hour week, and do my half of the family chores. But I love writing *Doctor Who* and I don't want to be forgotten, so I've been cherrypicking the best new writers to help me.” Having working with Mark Clapham and now Kelly Hale, changed his style or methods? “When I write a book alone I loathe advice – when co-writing I lose that selfish luxury, but gain new and wonderful insights and techniques. I've learned a lot from both Kelly and Mark.”

Will the TARDIS crew live happily ever after?



What prompted the choice of co-writer? “Kelly and I met on an online *Doctor Who* discussion group ...” begins Bucher-Jones. “Where I defended Simon,” interjects Hale, “concerning, oddly enough, his compassion for his characters! I sent him my other novel, *Erasing Sherlock Holmes* which he read and liked.” “She was clearly a great writer,” says Bucher-Jones concurs. “We both thought the other was the professional, and nervously suggested co-writing.” “We finally met in person,” Hale concludes, “at the last Gallifrey convention ...”

As with Lloyd Rose last month, Kelly Hale is unusual in *Doctor Who* fiction – she's not just a woman, she's American as well! What brought her to our little world? “I always thought *Doctor Who* was winking at the audience – and my background in theatre made me respect rather than despise the miracles of low-budget productions. Browsing in a bookstore one day, I found some *New Adventures*. The first one I read was *The Left-handed Hummingbird*, and I was hooked ...”

So how did they put a novel together, riven by the Atlantic? “We did have to talk on the phone a couple of times,” says Hale, “but mostly it worked out great because I would work in the evenings, e-mail him what I'd done, then by the time I got home from work the next day there would be all the stuff he'd done waiting for me.”

“We had both separately conceived the idea of a fairy-tale world,” explains Bucher-Jones. “With me it was probably during the 75th viewing of *Sleeping Beauty* – my daughters are big Disney fans.” And with Hale? “Wishing for what I couldn't have,” she states enigmatically. “Although in fairytales, just wishing doesn't get you a damn thing. Each of the main players serves as an archetype in his or her own fairytale journey – the Brave Little Tailor, Cinderella, the Simpleton – but each person has free will and his or her choices determine how their personal fairytale will progress.”

“Grimm is – or should be – a proper world,” agrees Bucher-Jones. “It's not a base under seige with a few extras milling about, or seven people in a cheap forest. Lots of people have their own stories – and so does the world itself ...” DAVID DARLINGTON

Dying in the Sun

a novel by **Jon de Burgh Miller**

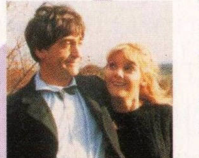
BBC
DOCTOR WHO
DYING IN THE SUN
JON DE BURGH MILLER

Published 1 October [BBC Books]
Featuring The Second Doctor, Ben and Polly
Enemies FOCAL – a McCarthyite subculture – and something rather more unAmerican
Setting Hollywood, 1947
You'll like this if you like ... *Videodrome, LA Confidential, Get Shorty, The Faceless Ones, Spearhead From Space*
Watch out for Polly on a casting couch. He won't try that again in a hurry ...

The Golden Age of Hollywood. Stars are stars not because of their talents – fame is due mainly to luck and lighting. The odds against achieving success are high, but that doesn't deter those with stars in their eyes – like Polly. But having seen *Dying in the Sun*, the greatest story ever told on celluloid, who wouldn't want to be a part of it all? The Doctor, for one – but he's on suspicion of murdering a rich movie producer, and thus has more important things on his mind ...

And again, someone who used to work with Mark Clapham. Jon de Burgh Miller's only previous full-length *Who*-related credit was on Virgin's final Benny *New Adventure*, *Twilight of the Gods*. How's he found it working on his own? “It's very different, but just as fun. *Twilight* was inspired by other people's ideas, and I wanted to do something that was very much ‘me’. I miss the collaborative effort – but I was getting feedback all through the process, so it wasn't as solitary as I thought it might be ...

Why does Polly have stars in her eyes?



“*Dying in the Sun* started from me wanting to do a sun, guns and millionaires *Doctor Who* book. The title is an old song lyric which popped in to my head when I was thinking about LA. Thematically it works on a couple of levels, and its relevance changes as the book progresses, so I stuck with it! And I wanted a book that was cinematic – by which I don't mean big explosions and gunfights, but something that felt like it belonged in a world bigger than a black-and-white TV.”

Cinematic motivations clearly inspired the Hollywood setting. “Los Angeles is an intriguing city,” reckons the author. “The LA of Keith Topping's *The King of Terror* is 50 years from mine ... It's a city that papers over its past, and that was a theme of the book, so it was the ideal setting. My original draft was submitted for the middle of last year's ‘Earth arc’ – the *Endgame* slot – but it wasn't really what Justin [Richards, BBC Books consultant] was after. I took the title, setting and characters, and wrote a completely new outline using the Seventh Doctor. Justin suggested that Ben and Polly would work much better in the story than Ace, so I changed the Doctor in order to accomodate the companions. And he was right, Ben and Polly are by far the best dynamic for the book – I can't imagine how I ever thought I could do it without them!

“There's no attempt in *Dying in the Sun* to evoke the TV series. So although I did watch the relevant TV stories, I tried to write the regular characters – using the guides from the *Companions* book, for example – more than trying to recreate how actors played them in stories that don't exist any more.”

Such thinking extends into the readership the author is trying to appeal to. “*Twilight of the Gods* was for fans – when my friends or relatives tried to read it, it didn't make much sense to them. But you don't even need to have heard of *Doctor Who* to understand every word of this book. I believe it's the first ‘Past Doctors’ adventure that never once mentions the word ‘TARDIS’, or even that the Doctor is a time traveller. It's basically me trying to do what *The Burning* did so well!

“My ideal *Doctor Who* is the Andrew Cartmel and Russell T Davies novels – and if anyone thinks mine is half as good as anything they've done, I'll be over the moon.”

DAVID DARLINGTON

PART TWO

Ironic legion

SO YOU'RE A BUNCH OF HIDEOUS METAL MACHINE-CREATURES COME TO INVADE THE PLANET. IS THAT, LIKE, ALL YOU'VE GOT? IN THE SECOND OF A TWO-PART INVESTIGATION, **JONATHAN BLUM** SUGGESTS HOW THE MONSTERS OF THE 1960S, 1970S AND 1980S MIGHT YET MANAGE TO CURDLE THE BLOOD OF THE SUPER-SAVVY, SARCASTIC CITIZENS OF 21ST CENTURY EARTH ...

In the decade of *The X Files* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, monsters have had less of a presence in *Doctor Who* than ever before. Part of that is no doubt due to the shift from TV to books and audios; neither medium lends itself to the representation of blank-faced rubber suits in quite the same way as video. But it's interesting that, of the most recent pilots for a series revival, the TV Movie in 1996 and *Death Comes to Time* in 2001, neither featured a conventional 'monster': potential co-producers Fox specifically forbade anything as 'way out' as the Daleks, and even the low-key jelly-snake from the TV Movie would feel out of place in Colin Meek's intellectual storytelling. It's a far cry from when writer Marc Platt had to shoehorn obligatory Husks into 1989's *Ghost Light*. From being seen as the centre of *Doctor Who*'s appeal, monsters have become an afterthought.

Why can't they be taken seriously any more?

It seems that the famous *Alien* rule – 'don't show too much of the monster' – doesn't just apply to their physical appearance. In the era of self-awareness, we all know how monsters work – not just in *Doctor Who*, but in film in general. You can extend their life by making jokes about our knowledge of the conventions – but what happens once we all know *that* trick as well? Once the clever jokey-horror approach of the *Scream* trilogy has finished referring to itself, the underlying scares and emotional power of the archetypes it's deconstructing are harder to reach than ever. If you dismiss these stories as having 'Been Done', eventually the dismissal itself becomes old hat.

And a diet of endless irony undermines the threats which these monster-icons represent as well. These days, dehumanisation is something to be knowingly smirked at rather than railed against; we've been pushed, filed, stamped, indexed, briefed, debriefed, and numbered in more ways than we can count. We're even cynical about cynicism itself. If we're not supposed to care enough to be scared, what stories are left to tell?

Some authors have tried to deal with the increasing sophistication of the entertainment world by going bigger, nastier, scarier. The assorted Cybermen books and audios are a good example – they constantly engage with the concepts which the TV stories inexplicably downplayed in favor of the endlessly invading army. There's lots of emphasis on humans being converted into Cybermen, often in gruesome detail (Mike Tucker and Robert Perry's novel *Illegal Alien* raises the previously unconsidered question, 'If humans are converted into Cybermen, what gets converted into Cybermats?' The answer makes the little vermin rather more disturbing than they ever were on screen). Bucking the trends of the 1970s and 1980s, there's a general avoidance of chit-chat scenes between Cyberleaders and Cyberlieutenants, in favor of computer-network communications in books like David Banks' *Iceberg* (broadly, recent stories follow the maxim that Cybermen work best when they talk least – which makes them rather difficult to pull off on audio). In the grand fannish tradition, there's an attempt to give the Cybermen a coherent history, largely based around Banks' *Cybermen* book. And the novel-writers appear more allergic to gold than the Cybermen themselves ever were.

In many ways, these stories have succeeded in their aim of colourising the faded past. There was an archetypal Cyber-story, inexplicably missing from the *Programme Guide*, featuring an isolated environment crawling with Cybermen and a team of besieged humans facing death or conversion throughout. Both Nick Briggs' *Sword of Orion* and Paul Ebbs' *Cybergeddon* (which pastiches the style unofficially for independents BBV), do a substantially better job of capturing this nightmare than *The Wheel in Space* ever did. A few carefully-chosen sound effects can bring across the stomach-churning horrors of Cyber-conversion more effectively than a teatime TV slot could manage.

But now that this story has been told, and told repeatedly – what now? When you realize that *Sword of Orion* was originally written nearly 15 years ago as a fan audio, then dusted off as a McGann story to represent the state of the *Doctor Who* art in the year 2001, it begins to look like the needle has been stuck in this groove for a while. When will we find the next story to tell? And when we find it, how well will we be able to tell it?

When audio producers Big Finish brought the Daleks back, they aimed to show them at their most powerful – united, out in force, completely free from the spotlight-hogging Davros, for the first time in more than 25 years. And they've taken major steps in that direction. *The Apocalypse Element*, in particular, gives the Daleks' plans a degree of galaxy-smashing grandeur, and actual success, which was unheard-of in their TV days.

But it's telling that in the story itself, the moments which deal with these large-scale actions are reduced to the sound-effect equivalents of a few filmed model inserts. The on-stage action is ridiculously modest; an entire Dalek invasion of the whole planet Gallifrey is reduced to a couple of dozen Daleks – with "thousands" hovering just off-stage in orbit, in the best low-budget TV tradition – versus a few Time Lord guards with stasers in a corridor. Despite its attempt to bring the Daleks back to the cutting edge, the story gets stuck in production formulae meant for a TV studio from decades ago; it could be shot on fewer sets than *The Invasion of Time*.

And this weakens the potential impact of the story. When the Daleks crash an asteroid into a planet, we don't even get a single scene of panic in the streets, or an impression of the devastation afterwards – just a few people running in another corridor. A war between time-active enemies – a brain-meltingly huge science fiction concept – features no strategies more complex than locking the doors. If you don't go into the story with an awareness that 'that's how *Doctor Who* works', or a knowledge of the show's past, how threadbare would the drama seem? Similarly, when *The Mutant Phase* features a Roboman, is its depiction of an occupied Earth as powerfully told as the one in 1964, or is it relying on our knowledge of *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* to fill in the impact? Even with new ideas livening the mix, it still feels like the audios are mainly thinking in terms of earlier Dalek stories, rather than the outside events or tales which inspired those stories to begin with. Like photocopying a photocopy, the sharpness and impact gets more and more blurred.

Which is rather risky; for the same price as a *Doctor Who* audio, the average punter could buy *Deep Impact* or *Saving Private Ryan* on DVD, and get a planet-smashing spectacular or a dazzling war movie which it doesn't require a mental time warp to appreciate. There's nothing inherent in *Doctor Who* that should keep it from competing with, or out-imagining, the current blockbusters; the ideas behind *Apocalypse Element* are strong enough, given the right execution. All the stories need to do is think far enough outside the 1970s box.

There's another approach, and that's to use the monsters more as aliens – downplaying the immediate sense of horror in favour of more complex drama. BBV's series of spin-off monster audios have mixed comparatively straightforward 'there's something right behind/inside you' thrillers with stories more about the collision of human and alien viewpoints. Ironically, the cloned Sontarans have proved the most suited to strong individual characters, as they hold the audience's attention in audios like *Old Soldiers* and *Conduct Unbecoming* mainly by articulating their points of view. And the Zygon tale *The Barnacled Baby* is more interested in pointed black comedy than menace. All these stories largely step outside the usual frame of 'stop the monsters' – they can get more mileage out of using the monsters to tell us something more about our own world.

We've come a long way from the days when monstrous Husks were forcibly shoehorned into *Ghost Light*

The Silurians and Sea Devils are a prime example of how races can become more relevant as they downplay the fear factor. Creator Malcolm Hulke's initial inaccuracy in naming the races has become a defining note since the books took hold – allowing various authors to comment on the politics of naming, when referring to indigenous groups. The names we know these races by, after all, were given to them by their enemies -- no different from 'Indians' or 'Abos' in that respect. Even Hulke's later 'Eocenes' has been largely rejected, presumably because it suggests that these races belong in Earth's past rather than its present. (After all, if we were to name races based on their geologic eras, what are the odds of humans adopting the name 'Quaternarians' for consistency's sake?) *Love and War* introduced the name 'Earth Reptiles'; when Ben Aaronovitch mentions later reptiles rejecting that name in favor of 'Indigenous Terrans', one suspects he is taking the mickey.

Overleaf: The titans of Telos menace *The Moonbase* (1967). © The Hulton Getty Picture Collection

And, as with the name 'Indians', the single label suggests that this collection of races has one unified monoculture – another expectation the books have played with. Gary Russell's *The Scales of Injustice* adds an interesting new factor: tensions between the land- and water-based races, as faced by a small group of hybrids. The idea moves the reptiles into the familiar *Doctor Who*-monster territory of racial purity, but again – characteristically for Silurian stories – our sympathies are with the individuals caught in the middle, rather than with those on any side who wish to exploit the divisions.

Scales also makes a point of reconciling the reptiles' two conflicting images, ancient nightmare and conquered minority, just as it reconciles continuity between their television appearances. The book shows Liz Shaw fighting back race-memory terrors and starting to build a bridge between human and reptile cultures – a task she's continuing in novelist Jim Mortimore's *Eternity Weeps*. Meanwhile, author Paul Cornell has gone on playing around the margins, linking the lizards to other cultures around the fringes of our own – knowingly appropriating Celtic mythology in *The Shadows of Avalon* through the strikingly strange image of reptilian fairies, or drawing on the gay scene in *Happy Endings* with a green-skinned Julian and Sandy.

Such developments have opened up new territory. There's clearly a good story to be told about how these primal horrors will be integrated into human society. But so far it remains untold – possibly because we, in the 21st century, haven't quite figured out how to tell a completely convincing story of racial reconciliation in our own world.

But this approach can get stuck in the groove as well – not least because it's been so common outside of *Doctor Who* in recent years. Compare the Ice Warriors with *Star Trek*'s similarly redefined Klingons; *Doctor Who* may have been the first to take the leap into complexity, but since then they've largely played catch-up rather than continuing to innovate. By the time of Ben Aaronovitch's *Transit*, which started the process of filling in the Martians' cultural details, *Star Trek* had already spent five years fleshing out the Klingon warrior ethic. The book sketched in the Warriors' world (and a human future extrapolated from *Seeds of Death*, in which T-Mat has grown into an interplanetary tube system) with a few carefully-chosen strokes, keeping their ways from seeming too familiar or overexposed.

But as the 1990s went on, series like *Star Trek*, *Babylon 5* and later *Farscape* raised the bar even further in their depiction of complex alien cultures, while subsequent Ice Warrior books kept their focus on relatively familiar matters of honour. By the time Craig Hinton's *GodEngine* took a page from *Babylon 5*'s Minbari, by playing up the tensions between the Martians' warrior and religious castes, it was all beginning to look a little derivative. Add in accumulated hints of creaky Orientalism – holy wars against the human infidels, an elaborate caste system, honour-bound arranged marriages – and it's hard not to wonder what it all really adds up to. Does outer space really need more Samurai?

Perhaps the problem is just that familiarity breeds contempt. After years of made-up rituals and palace intrigue, even the Klingons have lost much of their exotic fascination ... and perhaps a degree of their relevance. Most detailed alien races of this sort start as a reflection of a facet of humanity – but after a while, they cease to say anything new about *ourselves*. The invented culture is assumed to be interesting in its own right. They act the way they do, and it doesn't reflect on us. And you can forget about them getting you behind the sofa.

Not horrible enough: *Attack of the Cybermen*. © BBC Video

But maybe now the pendulum is swinging back. With *Star Trek: Deep Space 9* and *Babylon 5* off the air, newer shows like *Buffy* and *Angel* take a more *Doctor Who*-like approach towards creatures from outside our world. They're monsters again, as opposed to aliens – representing primal fears, not exotic foreigners. It sounds more simplistic on the surface – but while the *Trek* approach emphasizes shades of grey in the aliens, the *Buffy* approach keeps that same complexity in our heroes' reactions to the horrors they face. And that plays precisely into the strengths of good old-fashioned *Doctor Who* – witty, vulnerable humans pitted against something big and nasty.

Lance Parkin's *The Dying Days*, released just before *Buffy* premiered, shows how *Doctor Who* was once again suddenly ahead of the trend. Parkin sees his Ice Warriors as "warlike, savage. They use their past to justify atrocities in the present. Their 'warrior code' is a sham. They profess great nobility, but kill children. Whatever they say, whatever codes and laws they set up or exploit, they believe in the ultimate Darwinian truth – might makes right." They're not there to be a reflection of a piece of humanity, but of what humanity has to face.

After all, the book doesn't need a Martian to be the main symbol of the honourable warrior; it's got the Brigadier.

Maybe the way forward now for *Doctor Who* is to embrace the fact that it's a series about monsters, as well as aliens. Ice Warrior stories could make a strength out of what they often distance themselves from: on their most basic level, these creatures are invaders from Mars.

After all, that world has had a long, dubious, but often thrilling role in our imagination. There's room to evoke the adventure tradition of Burroughs, or the rich landscape of CS Lewis' *Out of the Silent Planet*, as well as *Doctor Who* itself. *GodEngine* deftly wove all the different angles *Doctor Who* has taken on the red planet, from *Pyramids of Mars* Egyptology to the Fendahl (not to mention Martian rock-snakes from *Thunderbirds*), into the Warriors' history. NASA's real-world plans for manned Mars flights have inspired a spate of recent movies like *Mission to Mars*; Justin Richards' audio *Red Dawn* manages to be far less cheesy than the big-budget features. And *Dying Days* nods to the grand-daddy of all Martian invasions, *The War of the Worlds*. Again, tellingly, Wells didn't try to create a three-dimensional alien society; his Martians were a comment on the domineering colonialism of his own British Empire, just as Parkin's are part of a scheme to raise England's prestige in a post-colonial world.

Might makes right: Lord Slaar. *The Seeds of Death*. © BBC

Perhaps there's even room for *Doctor Who* to take another page from Wells. Kim Stanley Robinson's *Red Mars* trilogy told a tale of humans remaking Mars in Earth's image; it would be wonderful for *Doctor Who* to turn that new colonialism on its head, and show the Martians trying to do the exact same thing to Earth. After all, we got there long before anyone else – way back in *The Seeds of Death*.

I can hear the scoffing from here. Reduce a complex alien race to something simpler and more monstrous? How one-dimensional. It flies in the face of every attempt at 'realism', retreats to a simpler black-and-white view of the world.

But the idea is to produce something black-and-grey, not black-and-white. By showing the monsters from the point of view of people faced with them – not denying the possibility of the aliens' complexity, but not dwelling on it either – there's more room to put the humans' reactions at centre stage. And that gives us the chance to explore more recognisable human issues. *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* doesn't need to show a multi-faceted Dalek culture to cover complex moral matters; instead it uses a number of human cameos to sketch in telling reactions to life under an occupation, from the sympathetic work-gang collaborator Wells to the old woman and daughter who sell Barbara and Jenny out to the Daleks for a bag of sugar and oranges.

So if the humans are three-dimensional enough, then the aliens can be iconic threats, and the contemporary audience's expectations of complexity and realism are still satisfied. We can put realistic people into extreme situations, and thus tell realistic truths. The presence of something incomprehensibly black doesn't require something unrealistically white to balance it out.

BBV's *Auton* series serves as a successful example of this sort of updating, within the framework of a fairly conventional military/invasion adventure. Much of the monster material is straight from the 1970 original, but both the claustrophobia and the spectacle have been ramped up, with huge CGI Nestenes and plenty of Autons striding about. This is updated with standard *X Files*-era governmental paranoia – but more importantly, it's the internal struggles of Michael Wade's compelling Lockwood which really anchor the series, and give it a modern drama flavour. While the TV stories only touched on the idea of being controlled by the Nestenes – Hibbert and Farrell only seem to be under common-or-garden hypnosis, and we never find out whether Channing was anyone before *Spearhead From Space* started – Lockwood facing the Nestene infiltration of his own mind brings a new personalised edge to the conflict.

Retooled: Auton. © BBV

With shows like *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, the pendulum is swinging back – monsters are monsters again, not well-defined aliens

That said, the story brings very little that's modern to the monsters themselves. This kind of personal approach could work even better when mixed with a little essential reinvention, as talked about last issue – pinpointing the basic idea and taking it in a new direction.

Perhaps this new, edgy approach could breathe new life into old favourites like the Cybermen. Ironically, the story which gives the freshest perspective on the Cyber- themes of mechanisation and emotionlessness is probably Andrew Cartmel's *Cat's Cradle: Warhead*, which doesn't feature a single silver suit. Instead, it tells a tale of rich industrialists trying to flee a polluted, uninhabitable Earth by transferring their minds into mechanised bodies, seeing this as the way forward for humanity. The end result is all too familiar to *Doctor Who* fans, but the parallels are left as implications. The book pulls cybernetic concerns out of the realm of alien invasion, and connects them directly to real modern trends. The attitude displayed by hypercool young tech-heads – the body is meat, gain freedom through cyberspace, flee the world and party like a machine – is shown as the sort of thing the Doctor has been fighting against for years. In effect, Cartmel was quietly demolishing the clichés of William Gibson-inspired cyberpunk, right before a number of other authors leapt onto that bandwagon for a year-long run.

Maybe that's the way forward for the Cybermen – bring them down to Earth, use them to tell stories about our changing relationship with computers and machine intelligence. It's not nearly as black-and-white as in the 1960s, when computers lived in distant rooms, vast, supercooled, and unsympathetic – easy objects of paranoia. But the more microchips infiltrate our daily life, the more they create whole new fears. As bioengineering increases in sophistication, to the point where we're able to edit our genetic code like a text file, the very lines between biological and old-fashioned mechanical engineering will continue to blur. We won't be able to be sure we aren't machines, just because we're made of flesh; we'll be forced to confront the question of how much of who we are is due to mechanistic factors.

Lance Parkin's *Cyberon*, released on video by BBV, shows what such a new take on the Cybermen could be like. An unsettling thriller with real thought behind it, *Cyberon* concentrates on these core issues of the Cybermen, while discarding almost all of the trappings. Instead of invaders from the planet Telos, the video tells the story of a 'smart' drug called Cyberon used in trials on patients with brain disorders. As it rebuilds their minds, it appears to be linking them to a greater consciousness ... their basic humanity is altered, their perceptions distort, and the drug's own consciousness begins to appear to them in the form of menacing silver figures.

It would be easy to turn this into a Cybermen story, in which they're controlling the situation from behind the scenes and converting humans into part of their group mind – but that only underscores what a mould-breaking Cyber-story it would be. The emphasis, once again, is overwhelmingly on the humans, and how they react to something reprogramming and converting them. (Ironically, the two brief scenes in which the characters' hallucinations of Cyberons shift from ethereal computer images to all-too-solid actors in silver suits are a substantial let-down – mainly because they break the *Alien* rule.)

By avoiding the usual *Doctor Who* formulas, *Cyberon* shows just how many new contexts we have yet to put these familiar monster images into – for a start, it'd be the first Cybermen story which doesn't feature any kind of men in uniform. These days, perhaps, Cybermen aren't about armies; more about hollowing you out and sticking something cold and mechanical inside.

And so we're back where we started – facing the question of how to make Daleks as frightening to people who've only read about Nazis in history books as they were to kids who grew up while Britain was still rebuilding from their bombs. *Remembrance of the Daleks* attached them so firmly to their post-war roots that no subsequent story has been able to relate them so well to our own world – no matter how many headlines from Gaza or East Timor tell us that they still matter.

Instead, for more than a decade the next batch of Dalek stories seemed to think that the way to make the Daleks speak to a new generation was to concentrate on a shiny new surface. Segal and Leekley's Fox pilot script had the Dalek casings unfold into spidery creatures: **DWM**'s *Fire and Brimstone* strip picked up on the 'Spider Daleks', and John Peel's *War of the Daleks* included them in a sprawling range of new-look Dalek models.

But all these attempts at creating new action figures seem to undercut the fundamental frightening presence of the Daleks. In a word, they're tanks: heavily armed, armoured, massive metallic war machines. If the Nazis' 2nd Panzer division starts rattling down your street, they shouldn't have to morph into spiders to be scary.

It's been observed that the Daleks were far more convincing as a universe-conquering threat in the Virgin books, when royalty issues meant their appearances were restricted to glimpses of shadowy black fleets demolishing entire star systems, than they usually were when wobbling about onscreen. In part, this is probably the *Alien* principle again, since what you don't see is far more frightening than what you do – but also, perhaps, it's a reflection of the world we live in these days. Almost no-one in the current *Doctor Who* audience has lived in a city under bombardment – a far cry from wartime London. Ethnic cleansing is something 'those silly people over there do'. When our countries do go to war, it's at a distance – our strategies of massive aerial bombardments are closer to the Daleks in the books than to their victims.

But the great war movies take truths which we all dismiss as banalities and make us feel them all over again. I want to see a Dalek story which really brings home the viciousness of war, which makes us experience the horror of being overwhelmed by a superior force. The siege, the flailing attempts at resistance, the familiar streets it's no longer safe to cross, the sudden shock of life under occupation. A war movie that's not set in Beirut or Vietnam or Okinawa, or the heroic fantasyland of *Independence Day*, but that reaches into our world of traffic jams, Nikes and fast food outlets – and tears it to pieces, in the way that only something alien to us can.

I'd love to see a scene which really drives home the emotional impact of being cornered by a single ordinary Dalek. Not the overblown melodrama of Romana (or Victoria, or whoever) gaping in horror as the theme music crashes in; just the immediate panic of what it must feel like to be cornered by an invading soldier on your street. What it would feel like to be that student in Tiananmen Square with the tanks bearing down on him. Is it implausible to connect that to Daleks, after years of half-hearted portrayals have made the pepper-pots seem positively cosy and familiar? Difficult, certainly – but decades of second-rate Nazi heavies on screen and page didn't stop Spielberg from pulling off *Schindler's List*.

It's not surprising that the years haven't been kind to the monsters which scared us years ago. We overexpose and hollow out our symbols of ultimate evil. Ten years ago Saddam Hussein was a symbol of genocide; now he's a running gag on *South Park*.

There's always a temptation to think that there's no room for symbols like the Daleks in our sophisticated modern life – that such things are best confined to knowing parody, or consciously shallow, escapist pulp. Images like those only matter when we want to book a holiday to a distant childhood state of mind. But we have to remember that these monsters' distance from our world isn't innate. It's not just that we've changed as we've grown up; the world has changed as well.

So it's vital for us to keep adjusting our focus, to tell stories which mean something to this world. The producers of *Angel* have described their series as 'mythology for 20-somethings', drawing on ancient themes and horror-tale images in order to tell stories which relate directly to the lives which we lead today.

There's no reason why *Doctor Who* can't climb neatly back into this niche – filling the gap left in our society by the lack of contemporary myths. Most cultures need stories which define what they value; *Doctor Who*, with its 'quintessential Britishness', has filled this role in the past, and can easily do so again. Because as much as we need monsters, we need a figure who we can believe in to stand up to them. The fun of *Remembrance of the Daleks* wasn't just that it reinvented the Daleks as something more impressive and meaningful than they'd been in years – it also did the same for the Doctor. At the height of the *Dark Knight Returns* era, it gave us a new angle on his character – more complex and ambivalent, but still sidestepping the clenched-jaw clichés of the darkening comic books. A hero impressive enough to out-think even these reinvigorated monsters – aware of contemporary sensibilities, but still offbeat enough to follow his own path.

That's what we need more than anything today. To believe that heroes are childish, and monsters are simplistic – to think that standing up to evil is only something which happens in cheap pulp adventures, or in a childish view of the world – is to devalue the idea of fighting against the things we despise. We could learn a lot from these tales about standing up to horrors with humanity and wit; striking a balance between not taking ourselves too seriously, and knowing that some huge things deserve to be taken very seriously indeed. *Doctor Who* is ideal for this – we just need to find the next story to tell, one that's as big and impressive and moving to us now as older stories were to our 12 year-old selves.

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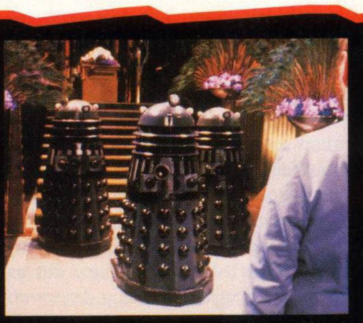

Reinventing: the Daleks

HOW WOULD YOU RETHINK THE DALEKS FOR A MODERN AUDIENCE?

Mark Michalowski

AUTHOR [*RELATIVE DEMENTIAS*]

"As a vast, rampaging space force, the Daleks are a bit implausible: if they're so powerful, so evil, why have they not conquered the galaxy? They need to be re-set – via a convenient virus or genetic disease or even-more-powerful enemy – to make them skulking, shadowy, sinister figures, hiding in the darkness, manipulating, trying to regain something of the empire they once had. They have to employ cunning and technology, rather than just storming in screeching 'Ex-ter-mi-nate!' in that increasingly stupid way. Oh, and they need to be able to say more than five sentences before their voices vanish into the ultrasonic."

Trevor Baxendale

AUTHOR [*THE JANUS CONJUNCTION*, *EATER OF WASPS*]

"I was always more horrified by their propensity for calculated murder to achieve their aims, for example the callous execution of prisoners to force the Doctor's capitulation in *Destiny of the Daleks*. That is so much more frightening than bigger and better explosions. Personally, I'm also fascinated by their unique physical nature: the idea of something wet and 'orrible living inside that metal shell reminds me of a snail – or, inevitably, perhaps an insect ... something cold and squishy and utterly alien hidden beneath the hardened exterior."

Simon Bucher-Jones

AUTHOR [*THE TAKING OF PLANET 5*, *GRIMM REALITY*]

One thing that hasn't been done recently is the way a couple of Daleks manipulate a society in *The Power of the Daleks* – they're so sneaky. A plot I've had lying around for years deals with the military psychologists who are trained to probe captured Dalek minds, and how one is turned by them. By the time you even see a Dalek, they should have out-thought you – unless, of course, you're the Doctor ... Let's see the master strategists, who only shout 'My vision is impaired, I cannot see' in order to lure targets into the range of their radar and micro-wave sensors. Mind you, I also see their strategy often over-ridden by blind anger ..."

Justin Richards

WRITER [*TIME OF THE DALEKS*]

"The Daleks themselves just work so well in *The Evil of the Daleks*. They are cunning, scheming, Machiavellian even ... Visually, they are stunning: they are so out of place, so incongruous in the Victorian mansion that they seem to fit exactly. That juxtaposition is extraordinarily effective. So for *Time of the Daleks* I wanted to try to create that same effect ... You don't see them, of course, so I wanted some aural 'hook' to get across that incongruity. I asked myself, 'What's the most outrageous things a Dalek could say and how can I engineer a story where it's entirely plausible that they say it?'"

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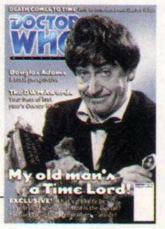

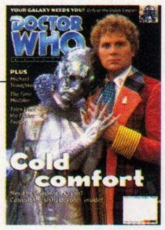

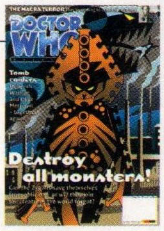

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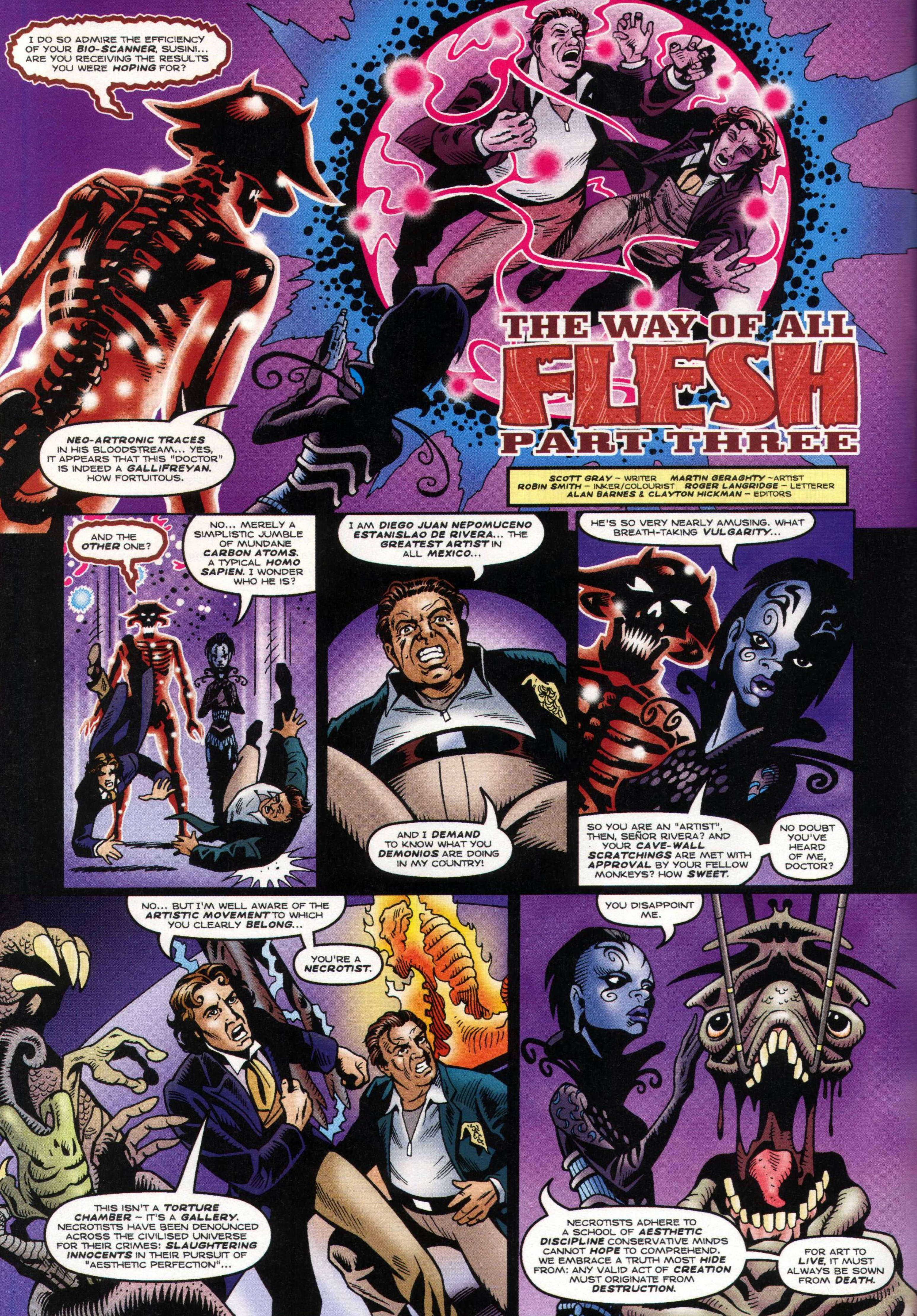
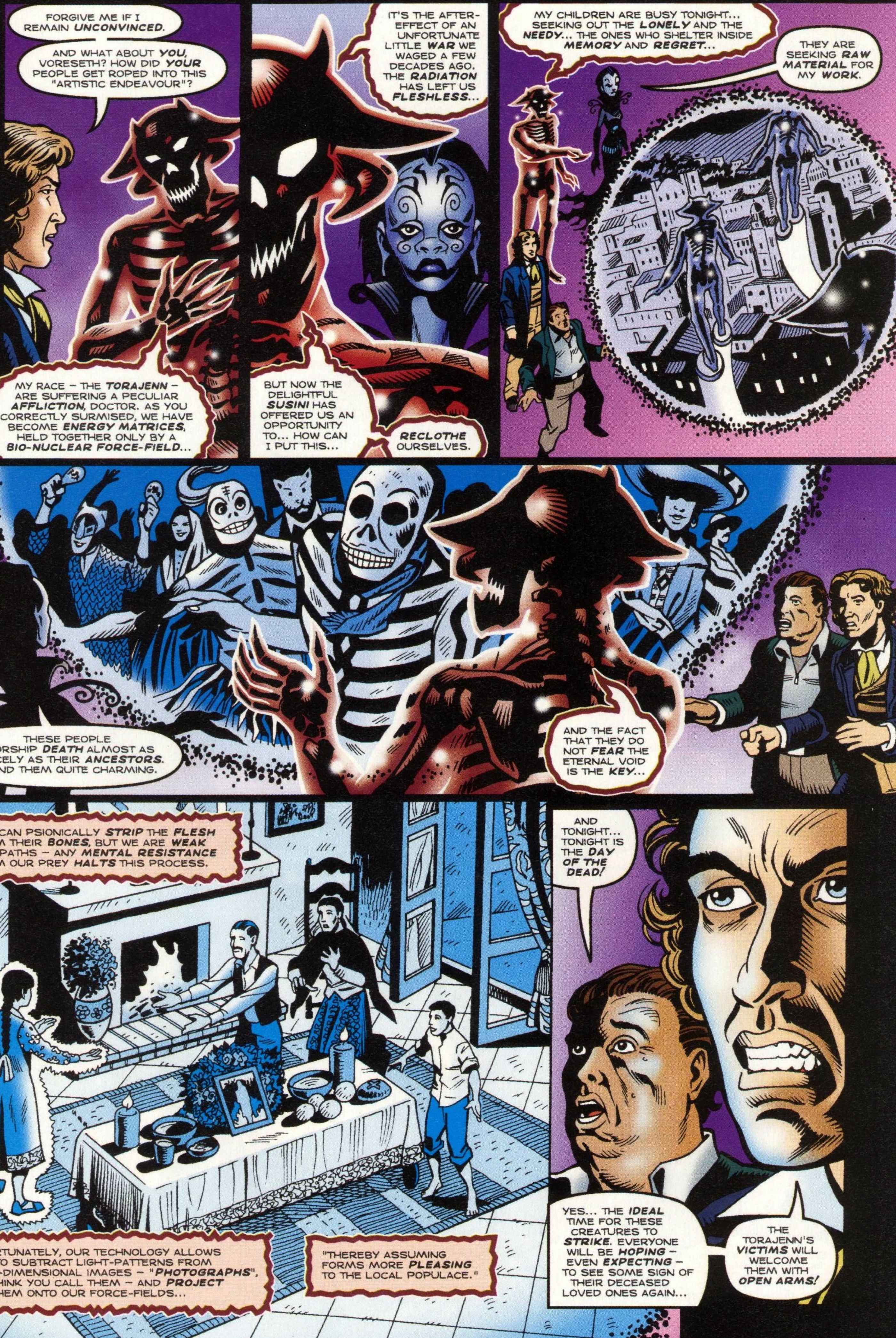
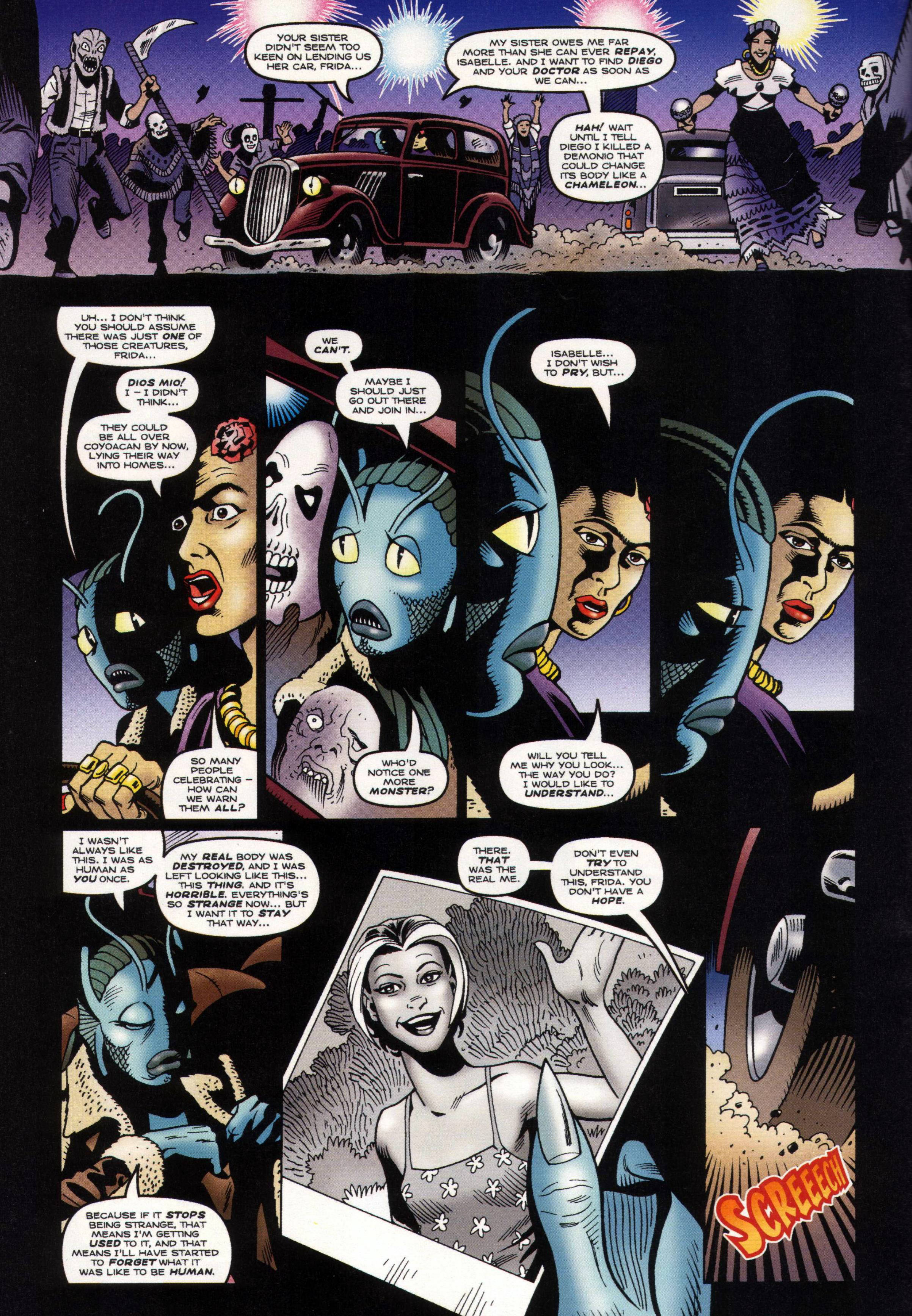
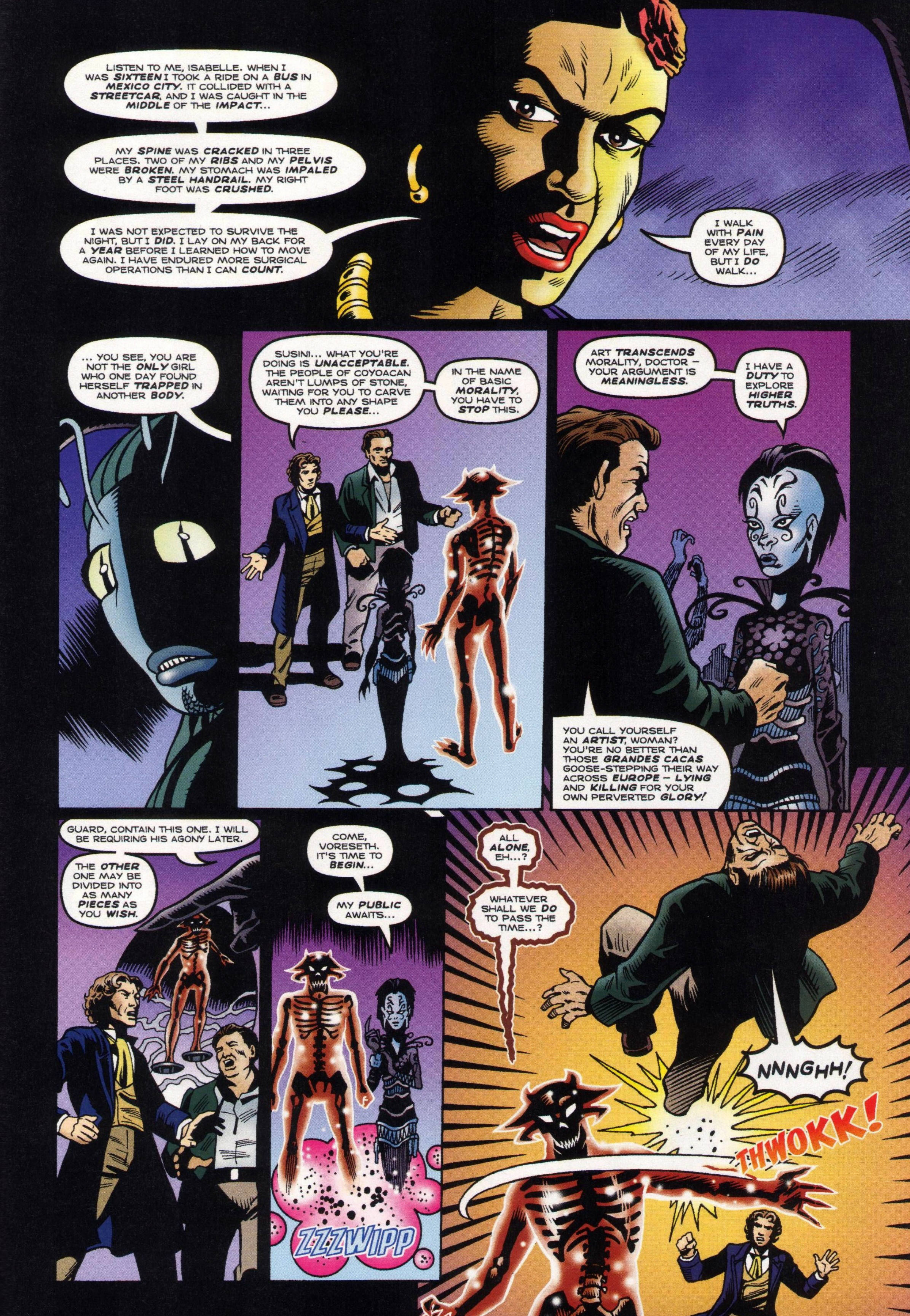
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH
PART THREE

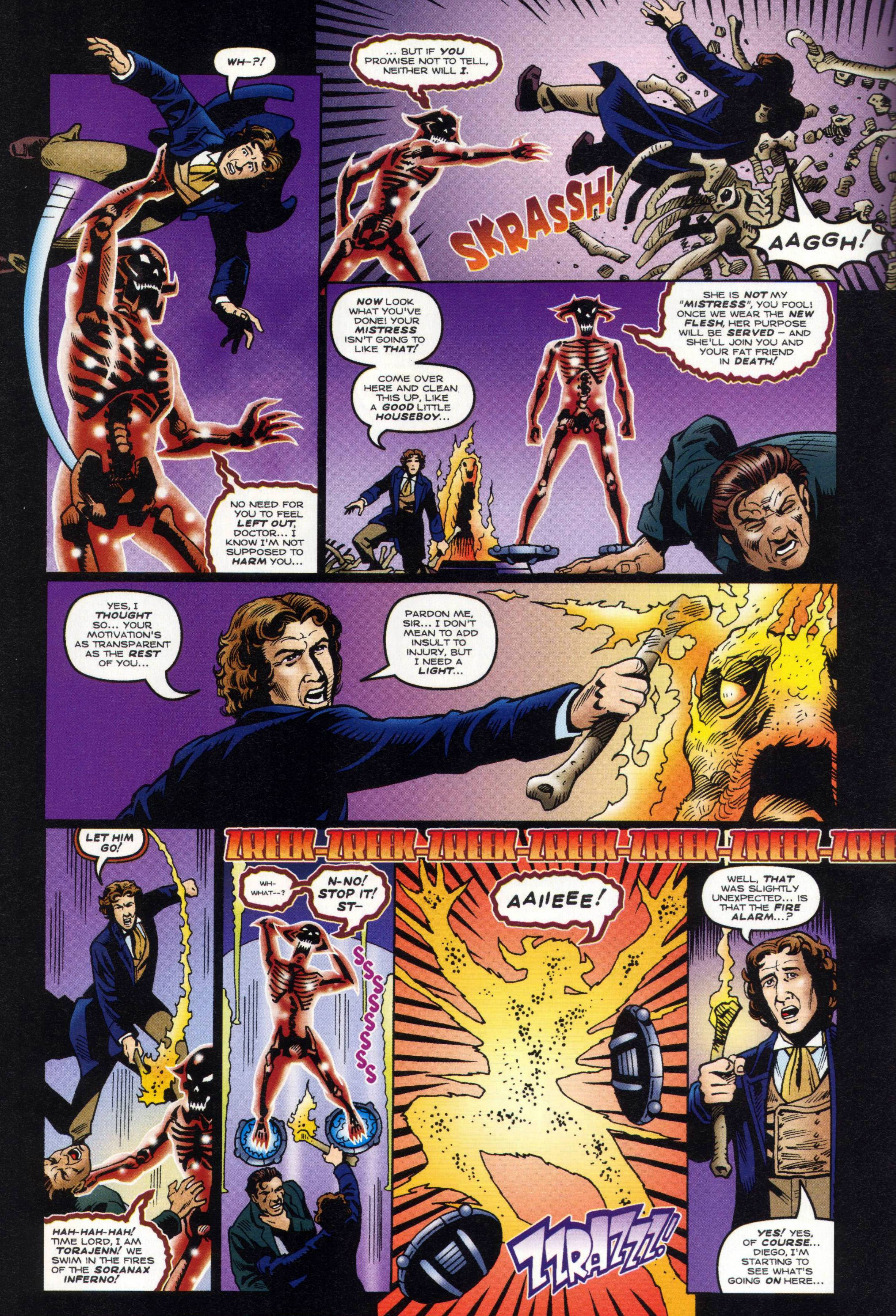
SCOTT GRAY – WRITER **MARTIN GERAGHTY** –ARTIST
ROBIN SMITH – INKER/COLOURIST **ROGER LANGRIDGE** – LETTERER
ALAN BARNES & **CLAYTON HICKMAN** – EDITORS

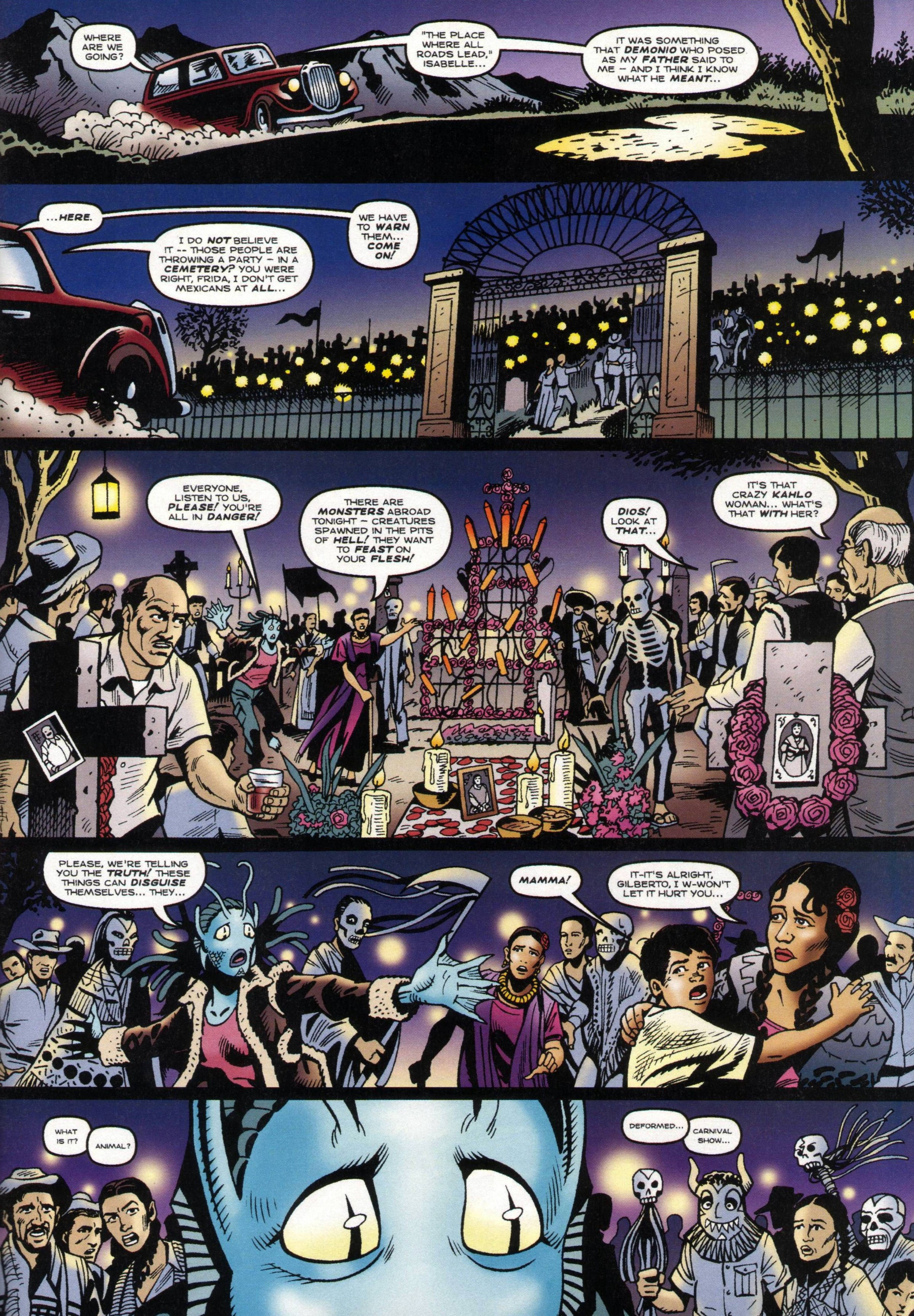

I DO SO ADMIRE THE EFFICIENCY OF YOUR BIO-SCANNER, SUSINI... ARE YOU RECEIVING THE RESULTS YOU WERE HOPING FOR?
NEO-ARTRONIC TRACES IN HIS BLOODSTREAM... YES, IT APPEARS THAT THIS "DOCTOR" IS INDEED A GALLIFREYAN. HOW FORTUITOUS.
AND THE OTHER ONE?
NO... MERELY A SIMPLISTIC JUMBLE OF MUNDANE CARBON ATOMS. A TYPICAL HOMO SAPIEN. I WONDER WHO HE IS?
I AM DIEGO JUAN NEPOMUCENO ESTANISLAO DE RIVERA... THE GREATEST ARTIST IN ALL MEXICO...
AND I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU DEMONIOS ARE DOING IN MY COUNTRY!
HE'S SO VERY NEARLY AMUSING. WHAT BREATH-TAKING VULGARITY...
SO YOU ARE AN "ARTIST", THEN, SEÑOR RIVERA? AND YOUR CAVE-WALL SCRATCHINGS ARE MET WITH APPROVAL BY YOUR FELLOW MONKEYS? HOW SWEET.
NO DOUBT YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, DOCTOR?
NO... BUT I'M WELL AWARE OF THE ARTISTIC MOVEMENT TO WHICH YOU CLEARLY BELONG...
YOU'RE A NECROTIST.
THIS ISN'T A TORTURE CHAMBER – IT'S A GALLERY. NECROTISTS HAVE BEEN DENOUNCED ACROSS THE CIVILISED UNIVERSE FOR THEIR CRIMES: SLAUGHTERING INNOCENTS IN THEIR PURSUIT OF "AESTHETIC PERFECTION"...
YOU DISAPPOINT ME.
NECROTISTS ADHERE TO A SCHOOL OF AESTHETIC DISCIPLINE CONSERVATIVE MINDS CANNOT HOPE TO COMPREHEND. WE EMBRACE A TRUTH MOST HIDE FROM: ANY VALID ACT OF CREATION MUST ORIGINATE FROM DESTRUCTION.
FOR ART TO LIVE, IT MUST ALWAYS BE SOWN FROM DEATH.

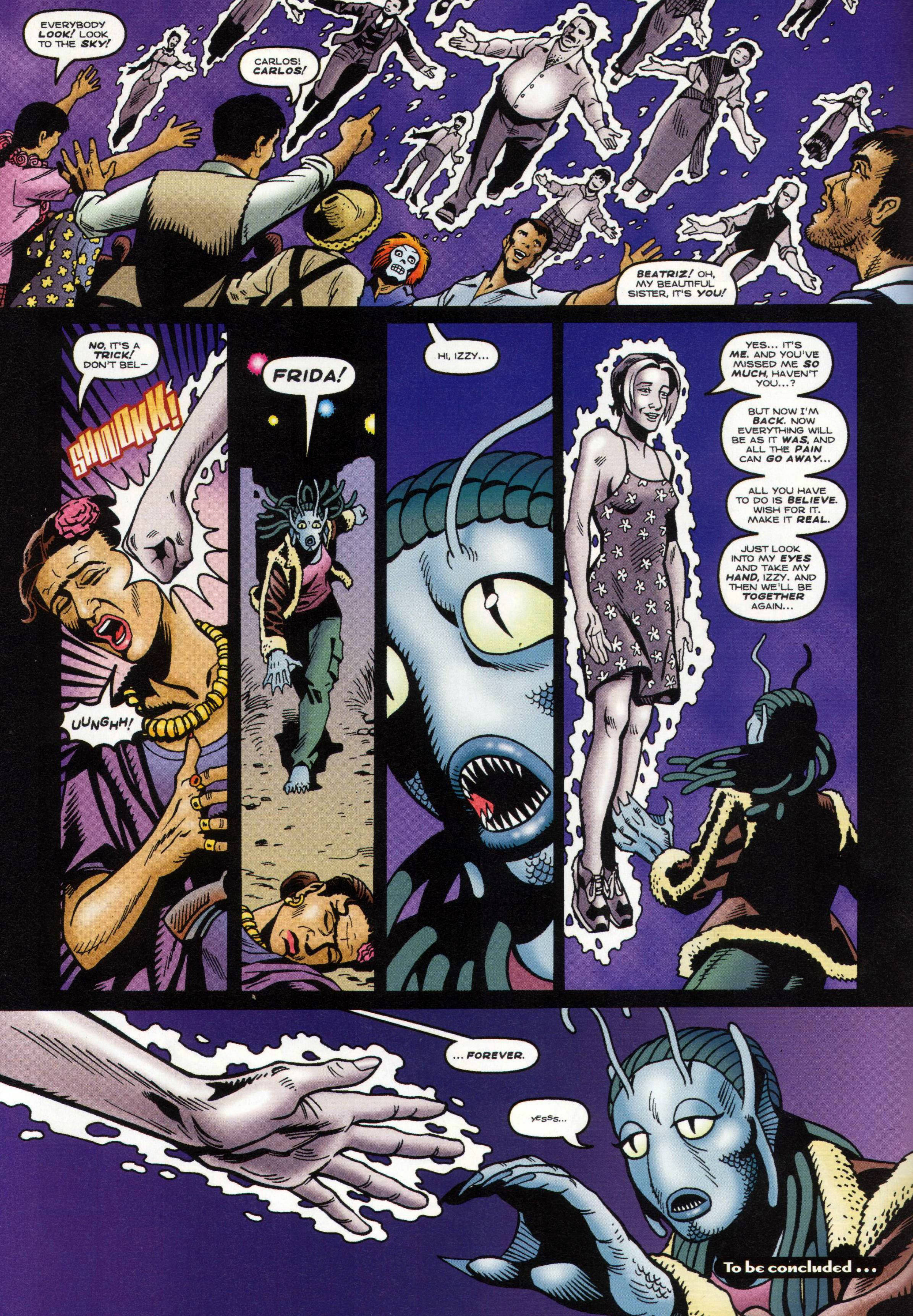

FORGIVE ME IF I REMAIN UNCONVINCED.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, VORESETH? HOW DID YOUR PEOPLE GET ROPED INTO THIS "ARTISTIC ENDEAVOUR"?
MY RACE – THE TORAJENN – ARE SUFFERING A PECULIAR AFFLICTION, DOCTOR. AS YOU CORRECTLY SURMISED, WE HAVE BECOME ENERGY MATRICES, HELD TOGETHER ONLY BY A BIO-NUCLEAR FORCE-FIELD...
IT'S THE AFTER-EFFECT OF AN UNFORTUNATE LITTLE WAR WE WAGED A FEW DECADES AGO. THE RADIATION HAS LEFT US FLESHLESS...
BUT NOW THE DELIGHTFUL SUSINI HAS OFFERED US AN OPPORTUNITY TO... HOW CAN I PUT THIS...
RECLOTHE OURSELVES.
MY CHILDREN ARE BUSY TONIGHT... SEEKING OUT THE LONELY AND THE NEEDY... THE ONES WHO SHELTER INSIDE MEMORY AND REGRET...
THEY ARE SEEKING RAW MATERIAL FOR MY WORK.
THESE PEOPLE WORSHIP DEATH ALMOST AS FIERCELY AS THEIR ANCESTORS. I FIND THEM QUITE CHARMING.
AND THE FACT THAT THEY DO NOT FEAR THE ETERNAL VOID IS THE KEY...
"WE CAN PSIONICALLY STRIP THE FLESH FROM THEIR BONES, BUT WE ARE WEAK TELEPATHS – ANY MENTAL RESISTANCE FROM OUR PREY HALTS THIS PROCESS.
"FORTUNATELY, OUR TECHNOLOGY ALLOWS US TO SUBTRACT LIGHT-PATTERNS FROM TWO-DIMENSIONAL IMAGES – "PHOTOGRAPHS", I THINK YOU CALL THEM – AND PROJECT THEM ONTO OUR FORCE-FIELDS...
"THEREBY ASSUMING FORMS MORE PLEASING TO THE LOCAL POPULACE."
AND TONIGHT... TONIGHT IS THE DAY OF THE DEAD!
YES... THE IDEAL TIME FOR THESE CREATURES TO STRIKE. EVERYONE WILL BE HOPING – EVEN EXPECTING – TO SEE SOME SIGN OF THEIR DECEASED LOVED ONES AGAIN...
THE TORAJENN'S VICTIMS WILL WELCOME THEM WITH OPEN ARMS!


YOUR SISTER DIDN'T SEEM TOO KEEN ON LENDING US HER CAR, FRIDA...
MY SISTER OWES ME FAR MORE THAN SHE CAN EVER **REPAY**, ISABELLE. AND I WANT TO FIND **DIEGO** AND YOUR **DOCTOR** AS SOON AS WE CAN...
HAH! WAIT UNTIL I TELL DIEGO I KILLED A DEMONIO THAT COULD CHANGE ITS BODY LIKE A **CHAMELEON**...
UH... I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD ASSUME THERE WAS JUST **ONE** OF THOSE CREATURES, FRIDA...
DIOS MIO! I – I DIDN'T THINK...
THEY COULD BE ALL OVER COYOACAN BY NOW, LYING THEIR WAY INTO HOMES...
SO MANY PEOPLE CELEBRATING – HOW CAN WE WARN THEM **ALL?**
WE **CAN'T**.
MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GO OUT THERE AND JOIN IN...
WHO'D NOTICE ONE MORE **MONSTER?**
ISABELLE... I DON'T WISH TO **PRY**, BUT...
WILL YOU TELL ME WHY YOU LOOK... THE WAY YOU DO? I WOULD LIKE TO **UNDERSTAND**...
I WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS. I WAS AS HUMAN AS **YOU** ONCE.
MY **REAL** BODY WAS **DESTROYED**, AND I WAS LEFT LOOKING LIKE THIS... THIS **THING**, AND IT'S **HORRIBLE**. EVERYTHING'S SO **STRANGE** NOW... BUT I WANT IT TO **STAY** THAT WAY...
BECAUSE IF IT **STOPS** BEING STRANGE, THAT MEANS I'M GETTING **USED** TO IT, AND THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE STARTED TO **FORGET** WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE **HUMAN**.
THERE. **THAT** WAS THE REAL ME.
DON'T EVEN **TRY** TO UNDERSTAND THIS, FRIDA. YOU DON'T HAVE A **HOPE**.
SCREEECH


LISTEN TO ME, ISABELLE. WHEN I WAS **SIXTEEN** I TOOK A RIDE ON A **BUS** IN **MEXICO CITY**. IT COLLIDED WITH A **STREETCAR**, AND I WAS CAUGHT IN THE **MIDDLE** OF THE **IMPACT**...
MY **SPINE** WAS **CRACKED** IN THREE PLACES. TWO OF MY **RIBS** AND MY **PELVIS** WERE **BROKEN**. MY STOMACH WAS **IMPALED** BY A **STEEL HANDRAIL**. MY RIGHT FOOT WAS **CRUSHED**.
I WAS NOT EXPECTED TO SURVIVE THE NIGHT, BUT I **DID**. I LAY ON MY BACK FOR A **YEAR** BEFORE I LEARNED HOW TO MOVE AGAIN. I HAVE ENDURED MORE SURGICAL OPERATIONS THAN I CAN **COUNT**.
I WALK WITH **PAIN** EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE, BUT I **DO** WALK...
... YOU SEE, YOU ARE NOT THE **ONLY** GIRL WHO ONE DAY FOUND HERSELF **TRAPPED** IN ANOTHER **BODY**.
SUSINI... WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS **UNACCEPTABLE**. THE PEOPLE OF COYOACAN AREN'T LUMPS OF STONE, WAITING FOR YOU TO CARVE THEM INTO ANY SHAPE YOU **PLEASE**...
IN THE NAME OF BASIC **MORALITY**, YOU HAVE TO **STOP** THIS.
ART **TRANSCENDS** MORALITY, DOCTOR – YOUR ARGUMENT IS **MEANINGLESS**.
I HAVE A **DUTY** TO EXPLORE **HIGHER TRUTHS**.
YOU CALL YOURSELF AN **ARTIST**, WOMAN? YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THOSE **GRANDES CACAS** GOOSE-STEPPING THEIR WAY ACROSS **EUROPE** – **LYING** AND **KILLING** FOR YOUR OWN PERVERTED **GLORY**!
GUARD, CONTAIN THIS ONE. I WILL BE REQUIRING HIS AGONY LATER.
THE **OTHER** ONE MAY BE DIVIDED INTO AS MANY **PIECES** AS YOU **WISH**.
COME, VORESETH. IT'S TIME TO **BEGIN**...
MY **PUBLIC** AWAITS...
ZZZWIPP
ALL **ALONE**, EH...?
WHATEVER SHALL WE **DO** TO PASS THE TIME...?
NNNGHH!
THWOKK!


WH–?!
NO NEED FOR YOU TO FEEL LEFT OUT, DOCTOR... I KNOW I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO HARM YOU...
... BUT IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL, NEITHER WILL I.
SKRASSH!
AAGGH!
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOUR MISTRESS ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THAT!
COME OVER HERE AND CLEAN THIS UP, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE HOUSEBOY...
SHE IS NOT MY "MISTRESS", YOU FOOL! ONCE WE WEAR THE NEW FLESH, HER PURPOSE WILL BE SERVED – AND SHE'LL JOIN YOU AND YOUR FAT FRIEND IN DEATH!
YES, I THOUGHT SO... YOUR MOTIVATION'S AS TRANSPARENT AS THE REST OF YOU...
PARDON ME, SIR... I DON'T MEAN TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY, BUT I NEED A LIGHT...
LET HIM GO!
HAH-HAH-HAH! TIME LORD, I AM TORAJENN! WE SWIM IN THE FIRES OF THE SORANAX INFERNO!
ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREE
WH- WHAT--?
N-NO! STOP IT! ST–
SSSSSSS
AAIIEEE!
ZZRAZZZ!
WELL, THAT WAS SLIGHTLY UNEXPECTED... IS THAT THE FIRE ALARM...?
YES! YES, OF COURSE... DIEGO, I'M STARTING TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...


WHERE ARE WE GOING?
"THE PLACE WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD," ISABELLE...
IT WAS SOMETHING THAT DEMONIO WHO POSED AS MY FATHER SAID TO ME — AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE MEANT...
...HERE.
I DO NOT BELIEVE IT -- THOSE PEOPLE ARE THROWING A PARTY — IN A CEMETERY? YOU WERE RIGHT, FRIDA, I DON'T GET MEXICANS AT ALL...
WE HAVE TO WARN THEM... COME ON!
EVERYONE, LISTEN TO US, PLEASE! YOU'RE ALL IN DANGER!
THERE ARE MONSTERS ABROAD TONIGHT — CREATURES SPAWNED IN THE PITS OF HELL! THEY WANT TO FEAST ON YOUR FLESH!
DIOS! LOOK AT THAT...
IT'S THAT CRAZY KAHLO WOMAN... WHAT'S THAT WITH HER?
PLEASE, WE'RE TELLING YOU THE TRUTH! THESE THINGS CAN DISGUISE THEMSELVES... THEY...
MAMMA!
IT-IT'S ALRIGHT, GILBERTO, I W-WON'T LET IT HURT YOU...
WHAT IS IT?
ANIMAL?
DEFORMED...
CARNIVAL SHOW...


EVERYBODY LOOK! LOOK TO THE SKY!
CARLOS! CARLOS!
BEATRIZ! OH, MY BEAUTIFUL SISTER, IT'S YOU!
NO, IT'S A TRICK! DON'T BEL–
SHOOKK!
UUNGHH!
FRIDA!
HI, IZZY...
YES... IT'S ME. AND YOU'VE MISSED ME SO MUCH, HAVEN'T YOU...?
BUT NOW I'M BACK. NOW EVERYTHING WILL BE AS IT WAS, AND ALL THE PAIN CAN GO AWAY...
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BELIEVE. WISH FOR IT. MAKE IT REAL.
JUST LOOK INTO MY EYES AND TAKE MY HAND, IZZY. AND THEN WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN...
... FOREVER.
YESSS...

To be concluded . . .

Timelines

compiled by Clayton Hickman
Send your letters to Timelines, DWM, Panini House,
Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ
or e-mail us at dwm@panini.co.uk (marked 'Timelines' in the subject line)

Well it's been, it's gone (for now) and it got Doctor Who into the pages of Entertainment Weekly. But what did you lot make of Death Comes to Time?

Death discussed

I greatly enjoyed *Death Comes to Time* last Friday. It's excellent to see *Doctor Who* at the cutting edge of new media in both form and content, especially with such a good story and production. The 'mythologising' of the Time Lords was a skilfully executed element, and Stephen Fry and John Sessions were both fab.

The media coverage has been amazing and it'd be a crime if they didn't finish it – I want to hear the end (and find out if the Minister of Chance is really another incarnation of the Doctor)!

James Griffin
via e-mail

I was very disappointed with *Death Comes to Time*. Maybe my expectations were too high after months of hype, but it seems that BBC Radio turned it down because it wasn't good enough; dull, indifferent and predictable. The script was poor and the acting was dreadful, particularly Sylvester McCoy and John Sessions.

If there are further episodes I hope they're a big improvement.

Penny Halprin
Salisbury

The morning was a little bit strained, me having done the 'ten year-old on Christmas Eve' bit the night before, but as midday on Friday 13 approached, my tiredness gave way to wild anticipation. With my PC humming nicely, and my Net connection primed, the hour struck and I clicked the icon on my screen.

As I listened intently to every syllable of every word, two thoughts struck me: firstly, "My God! The BBC have pulled their fingers out and done something that sounds as though it may stand a chance of challenging the fantastic Big Finish audios!"; and secondly, "What an absolutely brilliant baddie General Tannis is!"

If future episodes of *Death Comes to Time* even come close to the first one, then we are all in for one heck of a treat.

Andy Rogers
via e-mail

So that was *Death Comes to Time*, eh? I never thought I'd be one of those apathetic fans desperate to bitch about the latest efforts to resurrect our hero, but if this is the best they can do after over a year of work, I'm happy to stick with Big Finish and pay for the privilege of *good Doctor Who*.

I can see what Dan Freedman and his team were aiming for, but the fact that the brief episode had no semblance of a coherent plot (presumably in an attempt to 'build up' to something should it ever be completed) just showed how little they understand about drama, and *Doctor Who* in particular.

The best *Doctor Who* stories at least gave their viewers a clue as to what was going on before throwing them in at the deep end. *An Unearthly Child* introduced amazing concepts, far more mind-boggling than *Death Comes to Time* had to offer, yet as a pilot it remembered one thing DCTT forgot: to have a story strong enough to carry *one* episode before worrying about the rest.

No doubt people will shout me down, saying how successful the webcast was, with its 1.5 million hits (which translates into a good hundred thousand listeners, I expect). But it just goes to show – starve a nation and you can feed them anything.

Daniel Cahay
County Durham

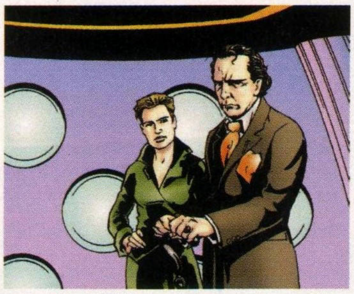
All I've heard from people on the internet was how *Death Comes To Time* didn't have a good story, was difficult to understand and was really boring. Who cares? Even bad *Doctor Who* is better than none!

Tim Fletcher
Greenwich, London

A word of praise for Lee Sullivan's excellent illustrations which accompanied the webcast of *Death Comes to Time*. For me, they made a rather confusing play seem more like 'proper' *Doctor Who*.

Any chance of full-size reprints, guys?

Rachel Day
Newquay


"We did good, didn't we?" "Er, maybe ..." © BBC

Hooked on classics

I am 31 years old and grew up *hating Doctor Who*. I am also Canadian and when it was on, I would immediately turn the channel. I never saw the appeal of it. As I grew to adulthood I certainly couldn't understand what children would find interesting about an old man in a phone booth(Police Boxes are foreign to us Canucks), battling actors in poorly-made rubber suits.

A couple of years ago, *Doctor Who* began airing again here in parts of Canada. I tuned in to see if this show was as bad as I remembered. I don't know what happened ... I was hooked!

Now I have 55 of the video tapes, ten books, three audio adventures, a subscription to **DWM** and, most surprising of all, a seven year-old son who *loves* this show. He can't wait until the next tape comes in the mail so we can sit down together and watch it. He loves the same show that, as a seven year-old, I hated.

My point is this; if the powers-that-be at the BBC think that the children of today would only want to watch a big budget series where the walls don't wobble and the monsters are all CGI creations, then they are wrong.

As great as the audios are, *Doctor Who* belongs on TV. Let's bring it home.

Dean Belanger
Ontario, Canada

DVD delight

Thank you, BBC, for the recent DVD release of *The Caves of Androzani*. The care and attention that has gone into this package is obvious – the extras alone put most Hollywood movies to shame!

While Paramount is quite satisfied in putting out DVDs of the *Star Trek* movies with the bare minimum of features, the BBC seems, amazingly, to care about the reaction of the consumer. I watched in delight the behind-the-scenes footage of the regeneration, and the *Creating Sharaz Jek* feature was strangely moving.

The BBC has always been known the world over for its superior programming and, it seems, is carrying on this tradition into the digital format. Hurrah!

Michael Ellis
Masbrough, Rotherham

Gnat fan

What was it in **DWM** 307 that made me buy my first copy of the mag this year? Was it the rare photos? No. Was it the memories of Michael Troughton? Almost. Or was it the full colour *TV Comic* Cyberman strip? Yes!

I rushed home, bought a FAB ice lolly (yes, you *can* still get them), sat in my garden in the glorious sunshine and was transported back to my childhood. Many thanks for that, and a packet of jelly babies to the person who thought of including it in the issue. A truly inspired moment of summer madness!

I promise to buy every issue from now on if you promise to do the same again soon. How about printing the first Jamie/Quark strip next? Oh, go on ...

Dan Fellows
via e-mail

There's a slice of TV Comic surrealism each issue for the time being. And there might be some Quarks soon. If you're good ...

We got mail!

I am increasingly concerned by your tedious use of Americanisms, eg **DWM** 306, page 4: "Vila off of Blake's 7", or Alan's editorial in **DWM** 307: "Go see!" It's a bit sad. Grow up.

I'd also love an explanation of the nonsensical prefix "all-new" when applied to comic strips. I've never read a partially new comic strip – have you?

Emma Roberts
Oxton, Cheshire

Talk to the hand, honey! And "all-new" comic strips? Don't go there, girlfriend! I mean, what about those strips off of TV Comic where they stuck Tom Baker's head over Patrick Troughton's? They were "partially new", weren't they? Go see!

NEXT ISSUE

Time meddlers

Ever fancied playing fantasy *Doctor Who*? Seeing how Pertwee would fare on Nerva Beacon? How Colin would cope with a chinese fowling piece? Or how Billy might take to K9? Next issue, we play Xoanon and imagine what might have been ...

New friends

In the third part of our history of the *New Adventures*, thrill as incoming editor Rebecca Levene tells us just how Chris Cwej's name *ought* to be pronounced!

Bravo Victor!

He introduced us to wicked weed and those pesky Pescatons, as well as having a hand in deep-freezing the Cybermen. We get the low down ... down ... down from Victor Pemberton!

Plus ...

The death of art in the thrilling conclusion to *The Way of All Flesh*! Meet Yartek, leader of the alien Voord, as *The DWM Archive* locates *The Keys of Marinus*! The Time Team face the Cybermen (again!) as they reach *The Invasion*! And all the *Doctor Who* news, reviews and previews you could want!

DWM 310
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18 October at
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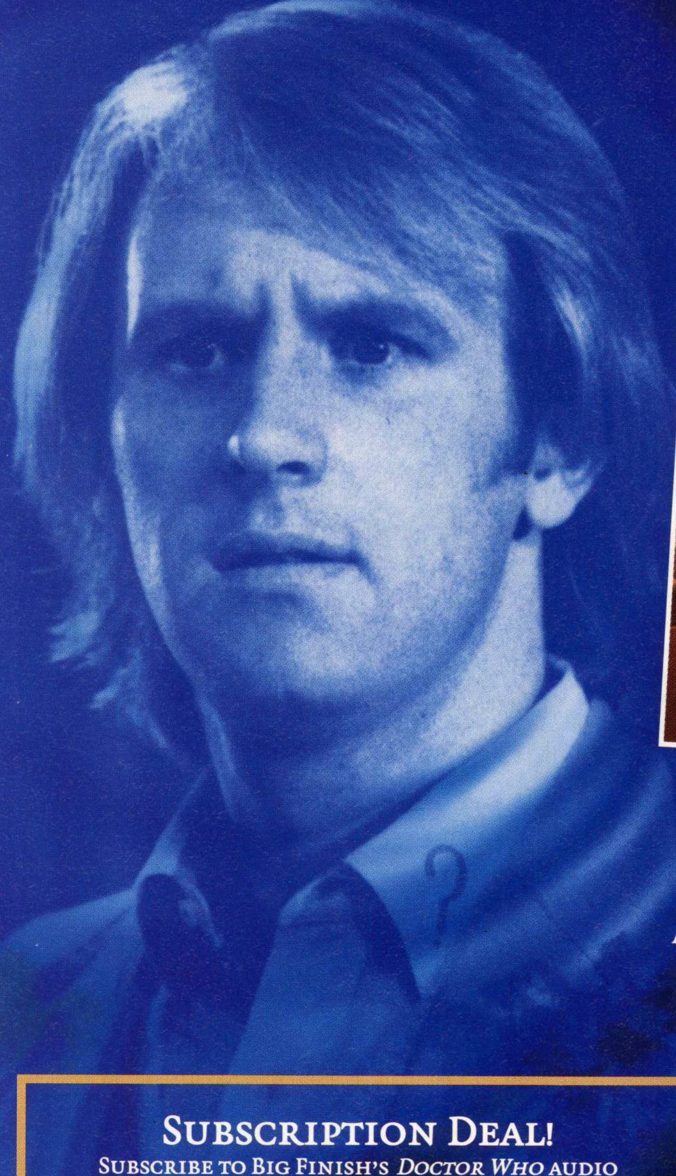
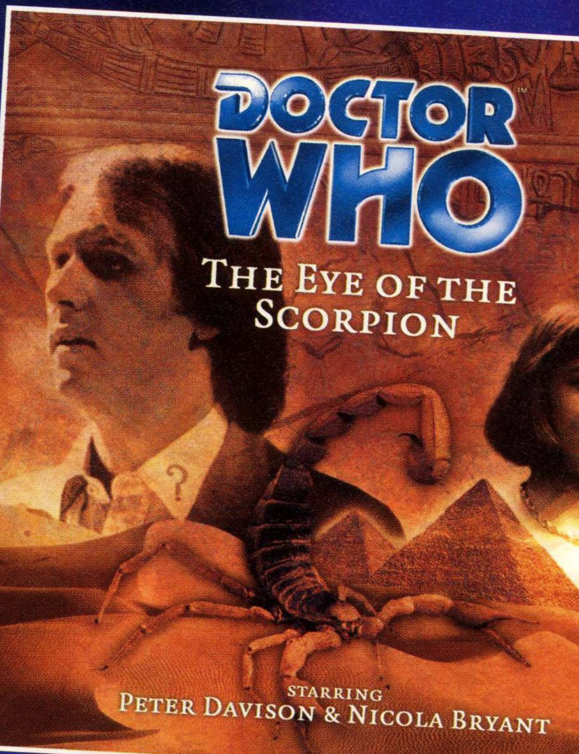
UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN

"THE ROYAL COURT IS A VIPERS' NEST. PHARAOH HAS SHOWN THE DOCTOR FAVOUR AND THIS WORRIES THEM. SOME WOULD THINK NOTHING OF REMOVING HIM – WHATEVER IT TOOK ..."




DOCTOR WHO
THE EYE OF THE SCORPION
STARRING
PETER DAVISON & NICOLA BRYANT

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Gallifrey Guardian

EARLY 2002 SEES A CGI MAKEOVER FOR TOM'S SECOND OUTING ON DVD

The Ark in (cyber) space!

Following *The Tomb of the Cybermen* onto DVD in early 2002 – most likely in March – will be the 1975 Fourth Doctor tale *The Ark in Space*, complete with some rather special extras.

Although BBC Video's desire to see one story from each Doctor in the inital release cycle should have dictated that a William Hartnell story would be next, a reluctance to schedule two black and white stories back-to-back meant that *The Ark in Space*, in which the last great repository of humankind is infiltrated by the insectoid Wirrn, was moved up to fill the gap.

BBC Video's unofficial Restoration Team are hoping to record a commentary track with stars Tom Baker and Elisabeth Sladen for inclusion on the disc, along with an original 1975 trailer for Part One, and the by-now-standard photo gallery and production text commentary. All of the original design photographs for the story exist in private hands and will appear on the DVD, possibly as a featurette.

Mike Tucker and Nick Sainton-Clark at BBC Visual Effects were keen to contribute to the project – and suggested remodelling the story's setting of Space Station Nerva in CGI, providing a 3D technical schematic 'walk-through' as an extra, in a similar vein to the submarine model created for the DVD release of Gerry Anderson's *Stingray*. Consequently, the possibility arose to allow the viewer to watch an alternate version of the story, in which all the original model shots are replaced by new CGI versions. This feature will be available as an option implemented by branching on the DVD. As with the cleaned-up matte footage on *The Caves of Androzani* disc, it will not be the default version.

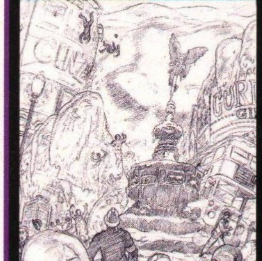
A new Ark: Space Station Nerva, CGI-ed up. © BBC VIDEO

More *Death* on the way – now it's official!

As **DWM** went to press, BBC Online confirmed that *Death Comes to Time*, the 30-minute pilot episode for which remains available at *www.bbc.co.uk/doctorwho*, will be concluded in the first half of next year. Fifteen ten-minute episodes, to be 'webcast' once a week, have now been commissioned. Doctor and companion Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred will be reunited with guest stars including Stephen Fry and John Sessions. Fictionlab head Richard Fell says: "The demand for the *Doctor Who* online pilot was phenomenal and gave rise to a new form of animated audio drama ..."

Meanwhile, the *Doctor Who* section of the BBC's Cult site will be showcasing another innovative feature later this autumn: the 'TARDIS-cam', which will display new and ever-changing scenes from inside the Doctor's space and time machine. Mike Tucker of the BBC's Visual Effects department is heavily involved in this computer graphics-intensive project, expected to be launched late in November.

Talbot for Telos!



Bryan Talbot, the multiple award-winning comic strip artist responsible for (among others) *The Adventures of Luther Arkwright* and books of 2000 AD's *Nemesis the Warlock* will be contributing a colour frontispiece for the deluxe edition of *Time and Relative*, the first Doctor Who novella from Telos Publishing. Shown here is the pencil rough for the piece.

Colin's column confirms 'no TV revival due'

Sixth Doctor Colin Baker regularly supplies a column for his local paper, the *Bucks Free Advertiser* – and, in a recent edition, he bemoaned the fact that the BBC refuses to sell the television rights to a new version of *Doctor Who*, denying yet another generation the opportunity of having their own Doctor: "Many production companies have spent long hours and months putting together applications to make the programme ... only to have the plans founder when someone at Shepherd's Bush says, 'If you want it that much, maybe we should hang onto it a bit longer.'"

This was picked up by London's *Evening Standard* on 24 August under the headline *Former Dr Who blasts BBC for blocking revival*. The BBC press office responded: "*Doctor Who* is one of those enduring titles which we have exploited for fans on the net, on video and, more recently, on radio ... if it returned it would have to compete with more expensive American sci-fi series, where big-screen production values are the norm." The statement ended, bluntly: "The film we made with Paul McGann in 1996 did not attract a substantial audience, either in the USA or the UK, so we have no plans to bring back the Doctor to TV."

Summer magic from BBC Books

Titles for the August 2002 BBC Books novels have now been confirmed by range consultant Justin Richards. USA-based Lloyd Rose, author of the newly-published *The City of the Dead* (previewed last month), pens her second Eighth Doctor adventure, *Camera Obscura*; set in Britain and Europe in the 19th century, it concerns time travel, hidden rooms and stage magicians. The same month sees an alien seek sanctuary on Earth in the 1970s in *The Suns of Caresh*, a Third Doctor, Jo and UNIT adventure by newcomer Paul Saint.

Win an acid bath!

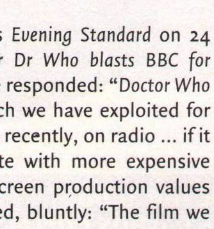
Smile – you're on candid camera! Except in this, one of *Doctor Who*'s darkest tales, you'd be more likely to fall victim to poisoned vines or laser beams than Jeremy Beadle in a comedy beard. Oh, I don't know, though ...

Join the Sixth Doctor and Peri as they find themselves embroiled with reptilian representatives, scarred sadists and Sean Connery's son on a planet ruled by video nasties! *Vengeance on Varos* is out to buy this month on shiny DVD, digitally remastered and replete with out-takes, behind the scenes footage and a full commentary. You, however, could be lucky enough to win one of five copies donated by the kind folks at BBC Worldwide – but only if you can answer the following question:

From which planet does Sil originate?

Is it: [a] *Thoros Alpha*; [b] *Thoros Beta*; or [c] *Carpet Beta*?

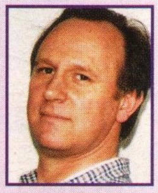
Answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked HATRED OF YOUUUU, QUILLAM! to the editorial address by 17 October, please.



Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Dangerous Davison



On 8 August, having returned to his North London home after a day's filming as 'Dangerous Davies' in ITV's forthcoming *The Last Detective*, **Peter Davison** was disturbed by the sound of his car alarm. He rushed out to see a thief running off with the video camera on which he had captured the birth of his son Joel just the day before. Davison gave chase in his Chrysler Cruiser, cornering the 15 year-old robber in a dead end. After making a citizen's arrest, Davison said: "No-one was going to spoil my special day ... He shouted he had a knife ... he was swinging something around, but I just went in for him. I realised I hadn't been cut and knew he didn't have a weapon."

Tom's altered ego

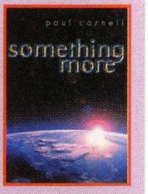
A full series of *Alter Ego*, starring *Dead Ringers'* **Tom Baker** impressionist Jon Culshaw, has been confirmed for ITV; Culshaw hopes that Tom may be persuaded to take part again. On 31 August, Culshaw used the Baker voice to 'travel in time' in BBC1's soccer history *The Secret of Germany v England*.

The Lion, the Witch and Sylvester

A RSC production of *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* plays at London's Sadler's Wells Theatre from 6 December to 26 January with **Sylvester McCoy** in the role of Mr Beaver.

Cornell hits Casualty

McCoy also guest stars as Kev the Rev in the 15th episode of the new series of BBC1's *Casualty* ... for which Who novelist **Paul Cornell** has written episodes four (*Crash Course*, tx 6 October), 20 (*You're Going Home in the Back of an Ambulance*, tx 19 January 2002) and 28 (*The Last Shout*, tx 16 March 2002), with a further instalment expected. Cornell's first non-Who novel, *Something More*, the story of an English country house in the far future and the female priest investigating its terrible secret, has recently been published by Gollancz as both a a hardback and trade paperback; his next opus, *British Summertime*, will be published in June 2002.



Obituaries

Tom Watson, who played Ramo in *The Underwater Menace*, died in August aged 69. **Les Osman**, an extra from *The Dæmons*, died on 21 July aged 75.

Reviving

BEND ME, SHAPE ME, ANY WAY YOU WANT ME: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S DAVROS ...

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

*It's **Doctor Who Magazine**'s policy to review new Doctor Who adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!*

DOCTOR WHO: THE DAVROS COLLECTION

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The Daleks were a true TV phenomenon – but, like all phenomenons, they had a limited lifespan. By the time they'd twice fought the Second Doctor, there were signs that they'd reached their sell-by date; the stories were good, but Dalekmania had waned.

The three Jon Pertwee Dalek stories were something else. After five years' absence, their battle with the Doctor no longer felt like the epic ongoing feud it had been – more like nostalgia. The Daleks could still attract new fans, but seen in depleted numbers and gaudy, unsympathetic environs, they'd lost their edge. In truth, the Daleks were fighting the wrong war. Their enemy wasn't the Doctor, it was lethargy – a 'been there, done that' belief that all the big stories had been told. All the big stories, that is, except one – the creatures' birth.

Genesis of the Daleks, the first of this five-tape set, introduced Dalek creator Davros – and revived the creatures' fortunes completely. It offered a reimagining of the whole Dalek myth, a near total refit of everything learned before. Like the new *Planet of the Apes* movie, or perhaps (in concept, if not in quality) *The Phantom Menace*, *Genesis* rewound to a new beginning. It introduced key players so far unheard-of, and brought new themes to the fore. From a standard aim of universal conquest, *Genesis* wrapped the Daleks and their creator up in Nazi ideas of racial purity and eugenics. A new Dalek evil was up and running.

Should Davros have stayed dead at the end of Genesis?

By now, we know *Genesis of the Daleks* so well, we could recite it in our sleep – and, given all the praise heaped on it, you could point to Terry Nation's six episodes of obvious capture-and-escape and ask, 'Is it really that good?' Oh yes it is. *Genesis* is pacy and frightening, with a literate script and superb performances – the four essentials of good *Doctor Who*.

As Davros, Michael Wisher gives an unforgettable lesson in how great villainy should be played, and Tom Baker shows us what star quality is all about. Wisher made Davros *Doctor Who*'s Hamlet role, his successors falling short of his complex portrait of genius and insanity. This Davros is the iciest of creations – and a consummate actor, able to dupe his own people in pursuit of his obsession with the Dalek creature. For all that, when he cries for pity and dies shrieking in the glow of Dalek fire, he manages to elicit some sympathy from the audience.

Destiny of the Daleks, made five years after *Genesis*, elbows explanation for Davros' miraculous resurrection out of the way as if it were an irrelevance. Horror stories are much better at this sort of thing than science fiction. Under the guise of black magic and the supernatural, dead characters can rise with no questions asked. In science fiction, however, only an android double, cloning or re-animation will serve – and so *Destiny* pins everything on Davros' life-support system. Even so, it asks too much. It's hard to believe that Davros had just been left to gather cobwebs. The Daleks at the end of *Genesis* sounded as if they meant business, and not like they were going to keep their creator as some dusty, sentimental trophy from their past. Whatever, *Destiny* remains the most awkward juncture in the character's career. Replacing Michael Wisher, David Gooderson's Davros is a more conventional baddie. In fairness, Gooderson doesn't have the material Wisher had, nor indeed the Doctor. Yes, it's still Tom Baker, but a more oafish version who pats Davros' bald head, furiously shakes his crippled hand and threatens to pop bombs down the back of his chair. The story's tendency to mock characters and situations, and Davros' incredulous survival aside, *Destiny* can be an enjoyable production. It's still like following *The Maltese Falcon* with a Pink Panther film, but at least the Daleks' wish for their creator to restore them with some intuition offers a clear reason for Davros' involvement.

Clear reason is what's lacking in *Resurrection of the Daleks* – reason for Davros' involvement, and pretty much everything else. Written by Eric Saward, *Resurrection* comes on as the blockbuster of this set, with all the explosions and wham-bam a BBC budget can buy. As with most blockbusters, it pairs the maximum of thrills with the minimum of thought – diverting at the time, but silly and shambolic in hindsight. Terry Molloy, as Davros for the first of three performances, begins by treading water, showing the one-dimensional megalomania of Gooderson's portrayal. However, in new mask and chair, the differences in Davros' appearance free

Molloy from direct comparison to Michael Wisher's interpretation.

If Molloy and Saward were expected to deliver something similar in their follow-up story, then most got more than they bargained for. *Revelation of the Daleks* is a triumphant return to form. Its jet-black comic look at Davros' new Dalek factories returns the character to the point where we first met him. Like Hammer's persistent Baron Frankenstein, Davros has started his work anew – and this time, Molloy discovers a new approach. In a script which has Davros calling himself 'the Great Healer', Molloy plays him for all the irony and contradiction he's worth, juxtaposing Davros' mummified appearance and ruthlessness with displays of humour and considerable charm. Arguably the furthest from the original's steely cool, *Revelation*'s Davros is nevertheless easily as watchable and fascinating a figure.

Remembrance of the Daleks' 1960s London looks a relatively staid place after the baroque imaginings of *Revelation*, and Davros' screen time is cut to just a couple of minutes. For many, the Daleks' return to centre stage was overdue. However, the opportunity is hijacked by Time Lord legends and a Doctor keen to reinvent himself. Marginalising Davros should have opened up scenes of the Daleks at council; instead, they're used more like miniature tanks than ever before. Davros' brief appearance doesn't trouble Molloy, signing off with an echo of *Genesis* in his request for pity. Brief, yes – but in the face of stiff competition from stair-climbing Daleks and nifty extermination effects, Davros' reveal is still the story's big event.

Should Davros have stayed dead at the end of *Genesis*? Wrong question. He shouldn't have been revived in *Destiny* in the way he was, as if nothing had happened. *Revelation* shows how the character could carry a story strand of his own, and *Remembrance* how he could be weaved more ingeniously into a continuing Dalek history. And that's how it should be. From the moment of his first comeback, even Davros' staunchest critics have fantasised that he was actually *The Evil of the Daleks*' Emperor.

Vanessa Bishop

Voyeuristic

DOCCY HORROR SHOW COMES TO DVD

DOCTOR WHO: VENGEANCE ON VAROS

DVD BBC Worldwide
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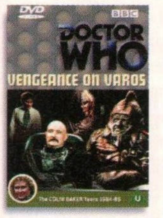


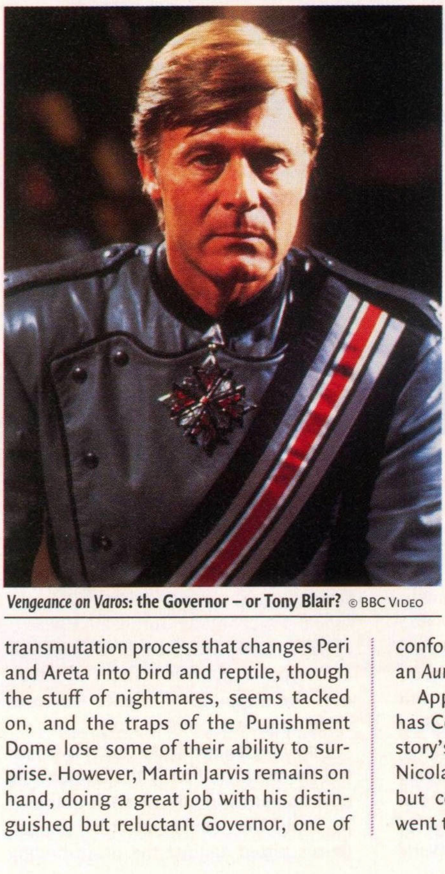
Vengeance on Varos proves a timely release on DVD. Back in 1985, when first broadcast, Philip Martin's script was seen as a none-too-subtle satire on video nasties, violence as entertainment being the big media issue of the time. However, watching *Varos* 16 years later, it's hard not to be reminded of today's trend for 'reality TV' – and, in particular, game shows like *Survivor* and *Big Brother*.

In their light, the transmissions of torture that fill Varosian screens look like a new level in TV voyeurism, and when the Doctor, Peri and freed rebels Jondar and Areta face the nasty surprises of the Punishment Dome live on air, broadcasters react like they've found TV gold. The construction of the cliffhanger to Part One reminds us that, even with reality TV, the trick is in the editing, and viewers Arak and Etta, at home glued to their screens (if no longer each other), recall our own ugly fascination with such shows. Real issues pale by comparison, just as this year's *Big Brother* trounced the General Election in public interest and number of votes cast. And when the Varosians punch in their vote for the Governor via their TV monitors, you're reminded how, after the General Election's low turn-out, there was talk of using the Internet to vote, and how instant the result would then be.

The Doctor's starring part in Varos' broadcasts allows *Doctor Who* to make some good observations about itself. In this, it is rather blunt, pointing out the series' television-ness with a relatively straight face, but bettering the campness of *Remembrance of the Daleks*' TV announcer and the smug metaphors of *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*. Aside from the aforementioned cliffhanger, where simultaneously we see the Doctor dying of thirst and Varos TV Centre calling for the best angles and close-ups, there's the Doctor's recognition that all the Punishment Dome's monsters are cheap special effects. The trick works best when the moments are indistinguishable from standard *Doctor Who*; unfortunately, Part Two's hanging sequence doesn't manage it so well. Suddenly the story takes on the appearance of the *Blue Peter* studio – the set's too bright, too open and too fake to convince us that the scene means business.

In general, *Varos*' second episode detracts from the quality of the first. The transmutation process that changes Peri and Areta into bird and reptile, though the stuff of nightmares, seems tacked on, and the traps of the Punishment Dome lose some of their ability to surprise. However, Martin Jarvis remains on hand, doing a great job with his distinguished but reluctant Governor, one of the series' best, but least discussed performances. Nabil Shaban's Sil – a pint-sized alien excitedly salivating over profit and punishment – may be something of a re-run of *The Sun Makers*' Collector, but this time has a reptilian appearance to play up a repellent personality.

Watching Varos now, it's hard not to think of 'reality TV'



Vengeance on Varos: **the Governor – or Tony Blair?** © BBC Video

Vengeance on Varos successfully transcends the video nasty concerns of its original inspiration. Rather than feeling like a dated issue, somehow it looks as if it has plenty to say yet.

DVD EXTRAS

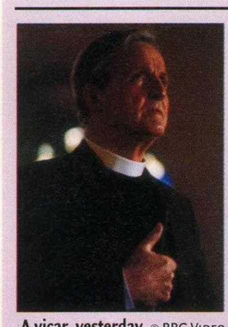
Extended and deleted scenes form the centrepiece to the disc, amounting to nearly ten minutes' worth of unseen material. In retrospect, these show the extent to which a story can be made in the editing room – the memorable final shot of Varos' blank TV screens originally intended to lead into an inferior TARDIS scene. Also, considering the time the Doctor takes to arrive on Varos, it's alarming to find yet another lengthy TARDIS scene scheduled for early in Part One. Only two of the ten cuts count as real losses: the Governor and Chief Officer discussing votes, simply because of the performances; and one with Jondar – not because of Jason Connery's acting (he's like someone struck with first-night nerves throughout), but for what he reveals of the Elite's lifestyle, and for it making sense of an included scene.

Great, if unexpectedly serious stuff is found in the behind-the-scenes section – *Doctor Who* as work rather than play. Similarly, the out-takes will confound any attempt to drop them into an *Auntie's Bloomers* compilation.

Apparently, the audio commentary has Colin Baker answering critics of the story's violent content in the company of Nicola Bryant (Peri) and Nabil Shaban, but copies were unavailable as **DWM** went to press. Vanessa Bishop

Also released

By Vanessa Bishop



A vicar, yesterday © BBC Video

A CLOSER LOOK AT SCIENCE FICTION

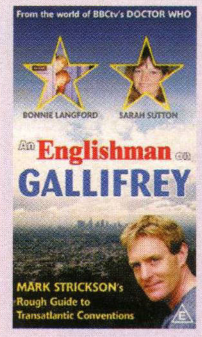
Kingsway Publications
[Details: e-mail *books@kingsway.co.uk*]

Author Anthony Thacker is the Minister of Oadby Baptist Church, and *A Closer Look at Science Fiction* concerns the spiritual themes raised by popular SF television.

Thacker claims that science fiction opens up pictures of who we are, and that it can help explore some issues which have traditionally been worked through in theology. Although Thacker has broad knowledge of and affection for *Doctor Who*, the series doesn't come out winning too many points. Shows such as *Star Trek* (particularly its later forms) and *Babylon 5* (the author's personal favourite) support the book's views better. *Doctor Who* is charged with presenting religion as primitive and superstitious – and, all told, as something set in the past.

So was the series atheistic teatime fun for all the family? Is *Doctor Who* guilty of preaching ungodly thoughts to generations of children? Thacker stops short of this view, but all the same finds *Doctor Who* to regard religion as having no place in reality. Inevitably, stories like *The Dæmons* and *The Curse of Fenric* receive special mention, the Pertwee tale being given a Nitpicker's Guide to point various (debateable) assumptions made about the occult, white witches and so on. Of course, you could argue *The Dæmons* isn't supposed to be taken that seriously – but that, runs the argument, is half of the problem, suggesting that *Doctor Who* trivialises spiritual evil. *Fenric*'s debunking comes via its suggestion that evil can be repelled with a faith that needn't be religious. However, from the same story, the vicar's lack of confidence in God's ability to help receives more consideration.

Thankfully, Thacker never writes his SF-tinted theology so deeply you lose him, and it's always interesting to see familiar material in different arenas – even one where *Doctor Who* was always going to be asking for forgiveness.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AN ENGLISHMAN ON GALLIFREY

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Behind the confusing title, this is a video diary in which Turlough actor Mark Strickson jets off to America's leading *Doctor Who* convention, Gallifrey One. It begins *McIntyre Undercover*-style, the picturing wobbling with the rough immediacy of a hand-held camera. It's Bristol, it's raining and Mark's whispering his dislike of international airports. As soon as he hits Los Angeles, it all turns Ruby Wax, with the same good-funny, weird-funny shtick. There's a tour around Sunset Boulevard, a drive past the Beverley Hills Hotel and a photo op in front of the Hollywood sign.

The aim here isn't to show how terrific and Empire State-huge American conventions are; Strickson and crew are a good ten years too late for that. This event looked no bigger than one I attended in Bristol this April, and it seems their cabarets are just as Comedy Store-awful over there as they are end-of-the-pier terrible here. Oh no. The purpose of Mark's visit is to pour cold water on the idea that actors have an easy time at conventions, and that the overseas ones are a big holiday with a brief two-hour detour to the autograph table. Well, it's raining, just like it was back home, so no tan; and Mark's very jet-lagged, describing himself as a zombie. But despite much stressing of how hard being permanently jolly is, he doesn't quite tap our sympathies. That is, until we watch a slightly beer-injured Strickson coping with Sunday morning's celebrity breakfast – an absolutely hellish concept where, every 15 minutes, Mark is moved round to a different table, to entertain a fresh batch of waffle-eaters keen to hear something funny about *Frontios*.

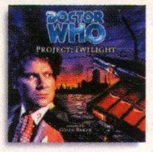
Mark's filmed an interview for his Rough Guide, and roams the dealers' hall asking attendees questions, too. American or not, if you've never chanced a *Doctor Who* convention, this video is an affordable opportunity to see if they're your bag. On the other hand, if you're a seasoned convention attendee, then here's your opportunity to see what they look like when you're sober ...

Red-blooded

WHAT'S ON THE MENU IN THE EAST END OF LONDON? ER, PEOPLE

DOCTOR WHO: PROJECT: TWILIGHT

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHORS CAVAN SCOTT & MARK WRIGHT
RRP £13.99
ISBN 1 0903654 45 9



This August, not one, but two fuller figures from my television past came forward as champions of takeaway food. First, strongman Geoff Capes launched his astonishing 'Save Our Takeaways' campaign (no, *honestly*) – and now the Sixth Doctor, whose epicurean agenda had previously been more *a la carte* than *al fresco*, has taken to wandering around Chinese restaurants in the East End. This deviation is compensated for by a couple of early tricks which make him and Evelyn more real than ever before – she delivers 'south-east London' as 'sarf-east Lahndahn', indicating that she is well aware of life beyond her ivory castle, and he pronounces 'Kublai Khan' so distinctively that it leaves no doubt he also knows how to say 'Feng Shui'.

Project: Twilight is so easy to enjoy on first listening that one feels suspicious. What's the catch? Why isn't more thought or concentration required of the listener? Debutante writers Cavan Scott and Mark Wright clearly do not suffer from first-publication syndrome; their script comes without any apparent agenda, and is gratifying rather than gratuitous. The listener may, however, forget that the action takes place overnight, so this barely-populated London – serenaded by a futuristic action soundtrack, all video-game moods and rampant crescendos – comes across as a dark simulacrum of the city rather than the real thing. I'll concede that presenting London without buses, trains, buskers, beggars, pigeons and irritating fruit merchants is a challenge – but a few dialogue timechecks, perhaps from a weary Evelyn, wouldn't have gone amiss.

I was very taken with Rupert Booth's depiction of the Doctor in the engaging fan-produced videos he's appeared in [see **DWM** 275], so it's disappointing that his two cameos here lack even the basic clarity of diction that audio work requires. Conversely, Holly de Jong, who did little more that whimper and yell in *Black-Adder II*'s humorous look at decapitation, shows impressive range as Amelia, an Edwardian embezzler-turned-scientist, turned-victim, turned-nasty. As far from being a stock character as it's possible to be, it is she who articulates the problem that the Doctor must solve. Rob Dixon's Reggie 'the Gent' Mead is, however, such a stock character he wouldn't be out of place in the Oxo family. This is *Doctor Who*'s first visit to the East End since *Dimensions in Time*, and little seems to have changed, Reggie first coming across as the kind of celebrated hooligan who makes one despair of the British psyche. But this Phil Mitchell type is eventually revealed as having been irredeemable for almost a century; a torturer in the Great War, his background makes him seem even more monstrous.

One thing which makes *Project: Twilight* so listener-friendly are its episode endings. The most important revelation comes at the end of Part Two, as I realised that the plot had been staring me (and indeed, the Doctor on the CD cover) in the face all along. A third episode which consists almost entirely of exposition (and all of it welcome) ends with the familiar sting fading in, to indicate that this is a subtle dilemma – the Doctor admits to himself that he's messed up. Initially, his prejudice against Amelia and her associates, and subsequent remorse for his error of judgement, seem entirely out of character – until one remembers his behaviour towards Commander Lytton in *Attack of the Cybermen*. Is this a Doctor who bluffs, boasts and corrects because, fundamentally, he lacks self-esteem? It's a seductive theory.

For all the tried-and-tested techniques employed in *Project: Twilight*, a radical shift defines the final episode, with new information pointing to a potential sequel and raising more questions. Is this mysterious Forge establishment, which knew of DNA 26 years before its public discovery by Crick and Watson, still active? And what role does its agent, Nimrod – vocalised like the Grim Reaper by Steven Chance – play? Most unusually, the story introduces a character, the victimised Cassie, who starts the story in a state of balance (albeit an uncomfortable one), but ends it without resolving her dilemma – and having acquired a taste for human blood. This tragic turn of events keeps her in the mind long after listening, when a character with a happier destiny would soon be forgotten.

Does this Doctor bluff and boast because he lacks self-esteem?

Perhaps the main reason *Project: Twilight* is so easy to enjoy is that it doesn't really matter where any of the characters are at any given time, since they all have easy access to one another, and the facts are revealed at a pace that suits them. It's definitely not a film, novel or teleplay squashed into this format, and the writers give the impression they've been doing this for years.

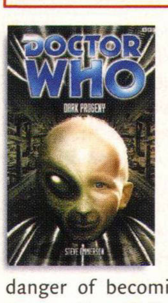
Chinese cooking is about contrasts – sweet needs sour, crisp needs gooey and fiery needs bland. Here are the yin and yang of archetype and originality, cosiness and horror, closure and promise; a well-balanced set meal. DAVE OWEN

Creepy

AN ECO-FRIENDLY TALE THAT RECYCLES MORE THAN IT SHOULD

DOCTOR WHO: DARK PROGENY

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR STEVE EMMERSON
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0563 53837 6



It's fortunate that the esteemed watchdogs of television have yet to turn their attention to spin-off novels because, with its overtones of child abuse and infanticide, *Dark Progeny* sometimes seems in danger of becoming the *Brass Eye* of *Doctor Who*. If the *News of the World* launches a campaign to have it banned, don't say that you weren't warned.

Once again, Steve Emmerson has turned in a relentlessly-paced and frequently chilling novel, this time with creepy, *Village of the Damned*-style telepathic alien children. Despite its futuristic setting, with its rat-infested passages, dank cells and obsessive inhabitants, the gigantic city-machine of Ceres Alpha is every bit as Gothic as *Casualties of War*'s Hawkswick Hall. *Dark Progeny* is archetypal *Doctor Who* in that Emmerson uses the trappings of science fiction to spice up a classic horror story.

Dark Progeny revolves around two central themes. The first is the issue of the environment and how we use (or abuse) it, with the conservationist Danyal Bairns pitted against the profit-hungry Gaskill Tyran. The story is set in the 29th century, a period of future history familiar from *Colony in Space* and any number of Virgin *New Adventures*, when Earth is a barren wasteland and people are forced to live like battery hens in a grey slag heap under a grey sky (imagine Bromsgrove on a Sunday afternoon). To many of them, the planet Ceres Alpha offers the possibility of a new beginning, but only after it has been churned up by WorldCorps' terraforming machines.

The second theme is one touched on in several recent *Doctor Who* novels – the issue of children as the inheritors of the future. The telepathic infants in *Dark Progeny* are literally children of nature, forming a gestalt entity with each other and the planet – which, it transpires, is a gigantic living organism that has been regenerating itself for thousands of years.

These themes are closely linked, with Emmerson emphasising the need to create a better world for the following generations. Throughout, the novel has a feel of the classic ecological thriller *Edge of Darkness*, particularly the climactic revelation that the planet has turned on the terraforming party, bringing a halt to humanity's galaxy-spanning trail of destruction.

Emmerson's gift for strong and sympathetic characterisation shines. The heroes are not flawless (Bains being a miserable misanthrope), and the villains are not so much irredeemably evil as depressingly small-minded and mean-spirited: they simply believe that the end justifies the means. Even minor characters such as Captain Foley are fleshed out well enough that they don't seem to be mere laser-cannon fodder. Of the regulars, it is the Doctor who comes across most strongly, with Emmerson emphasising his passion and pig-headedness – and, following up his paternal experiences in *Father Time*, having him become a surrogate parent to the alien children.

Dark Progeny contains elements common to Emmerson's previous novel, *Casualties of War*: the mounting horror, the idea of man versus nature and the way in which distant events can affect people. Unfortunately, the books also share the same flaws: *Dark Progeny*'s ending is as rushed and garbled as that of the earlier novel, with the Doctor breathlessly explaining the plot in the last dozen pages and giving no real closure to the question of Ceres Alpha's future. As we race headlong into the *denouement*, events come dangerously close to bad soap opera as it turns out that Tyran is Bains' abandoned son, with the former's villainy apparently excused because *his* parents were never there for him. This seems a glib way of addressing an issue that should have played far more of a part in a story of this nature.

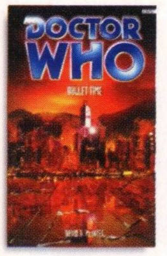
Though *Dark Progeny* takes place against a larger canvas than *Casualties of War*, it somehow ends up as a lesser book, lacking the focus and emotional depth of its predecessor. We're asked to follow the plights of too many characters to care too much about any of them. However, by far the biggest problem is the blink-and-you'll-miss-it resolution. If this reviewer could give one piece of advice to Emmerson, it would be to work on your endings: it's a shame for such well-realised tension to be relieved with such a muffled whimper. MATT MICHAEL

Mechanical

HONG KONG PHOOEY?

DOCTOR WHO: BULLET TIME

NOVEL BBC Books
AUTHOR DAVID A McINTEE
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0563 53834 1



Bullet Time lives up to the hard-nosed, big-screen, boys' stuff ring of its title. Set in Hong Kong in 1997, with the British colony's handover to China imminent, it portrays a brutal world of drugs and violence. Into this politically-sensitive climate come some aliens, searching for their lost spaceship. And they're not the only ones – the CIA, the KGB, the Chinese Secret Police and a not-so-cuddly UNIT are also on its trail. Now would be a good cue for the Doctor's arrival – but he's already there, and has been for quite some time. Hiding behind the pseudonym 'Pendragon', and operating his business from a high-rise office block, sits his Seventh incarnation. Once again, a shady question-mark hangs over his motives ...

Okay, so *Bullet Time*'s dark double-dealer seems even more devious than the TV version, and gives a good many *New Adventures* a run for their money. But convincing us he's a bit shifty doesn't take much effort, nor pack much surprise. If this was a Fifth or Third Doctor story, then David A McIntee might have gained more interest and momentum with his implication. But his choice of the Seventh makes what should be the book's driving force feel like a worn gimmick.

Only guest companion Sarah Jane Smith is in the position to be surprised by the Doctor's methods. Older, wiser and still a journalist, Sarah's rolled into a one woman Doctor/companion combo, while the real McCoy, as it were, poses as the head of a Triad organisation. It would be unfair to suggest McIntee manipulates Sarah as much as the Seventh Doctor does. At one point we stride too close to her love life, but overall she's a familiar figure, and her presence cushions the story's harsh, gangland environment. Shooting companions seems something McIntee has developed a taste for: after Sam Jones in *Autumn Mist*, Sarah takes a bullet ten pages from the end. It's not fatal, but given who she is, it grabs the attention, and that's not something *Bullet Time* always achieves.

Our woman in Hong Kong: Sarah Jane Smith. © BBC VIDEO

If the Doctor's covert behaviour draws a stifled yawn, there's more disappointment in his supporting character status. Too many people and government bodies share the novel's spaceship hunt. Even the aliens themselves are played a little low-key. Initially, the mysticism of the East, and some simple supernatural clichés, draw us in – "People who have stayed here go walking along this path and never come back." But ultimately, the interest's all in the build-up. Their Oriental-looking leader may be blond and violet-eyed, but neither he nor his people have the presence they should.

Bullet Time, like an action flick, finds its thrills in guns and car chases. The title is appropriate: this is not a mystery time or a scary time, and *Doctor Who* of that type is squeezed out of the frame. Other things point more specifically towards James Bond – an opening stunt, the Doctor in the criminal mastermind role – and reference is made to the movie series twice in the space of 12 pages. McIntee writes efficiently, and things never loiter – yet the novel ends up a strangely lifeless read, like a mechanical novelisation of a film script. The current of activity is there, and all the explosions and *wow!* moments are richly detailed, viewed with a director's eye. But when the rushing around stops, the book's cynical, hostile characters don't do so well on their own. There's a general colourlessness to them, and they do little to lift the rounds of business and military meetings they attend.

At least the shooting of Sarah grabs the attention

Bullet Time hides some nice moments. The TARDIS, first spotted as an *objet d'art*, and Sarahs simple "I've missed you" to the Doctor both play in the head with a knowing tinkle of the theme tune. And you savour them, because they're rare. This feels like an Oriental thriller featuring a character called the Doctor (no relation), and less like one that features our favourite Time Lord. It's interesting to view the Doctor from a wider perspective, as a player in a bigger picture – but perhaps *Bullet Time* loses him a little too much. Thank goodness for old friend Sarah Jane.

VANESSA BISHOP

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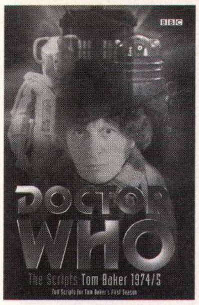
Big Finish are building quite a good party game with these music CDs. What happens is, hiding the covers and sleeve notes from the other players, you pick a random track and ask if they can identify the story. Alistair Lock's compositions, when not dealing with history, mainly plump for gloomy, ambient moods, and the game can prove quite tricky. Not so if you're fortunate enough to be dealt a Russell Stone number. *Volume III* features Stone's music from *Red Dawn*, *Winter For the Adept* and *The Holy Terror*, and all are very different indeed.

It's hard to know what Stone was thinking of with *Red Dawn*, but it sure as hell wasn't Dudley Simpson. At a guess, Stone might have a few old Kraftwerk and Tangerine Dream albums at home. This is a hardcore, early 1980s retro-electro sound, restless and full of adrenaline, but without equal in the *Doctor Who* canon. It's not actually that suitable as incidental music, drawing too much attention to itself. It is, on the other hand, pretty good in its own right.

The waltzes from *Winter For the Adept* are just as memorable, *Red Dawn*'s fidgety synth replaced by the clear, classical grace of piano music. Okay, the middle section comes on very butch and Season 21, but the consoling melody of the piano is ever-present.

The 'Name that Tune' game takes a deceptive turn with *The Holy Terror*. Other than Frobisher's theme, a cheeky staccato number that might accompany a court jester, Stone's approach is much straighter than the play itself. Dark textures put you at the heart of the story's mediaeval castle, and a siren-like wail up and down the scale makes for a particularly evil score – so much so, you can forgive the occasional interruption by a twinkling sound suspiciously similar to the opening bars of *Mirrors*, a dodgy Sally Oldfield hit from the late 1970s.



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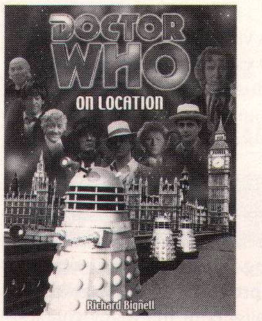

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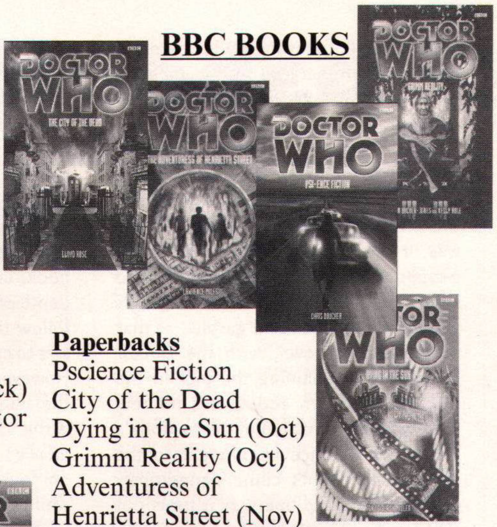

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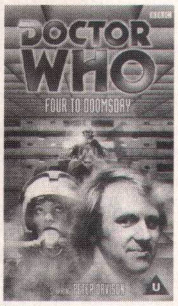

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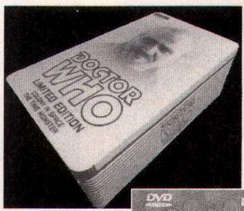

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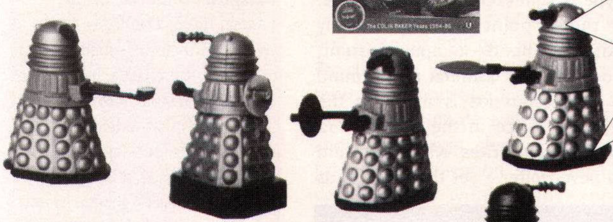

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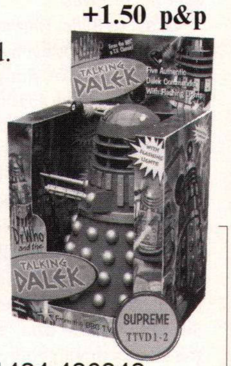

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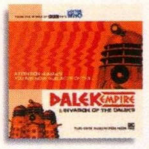
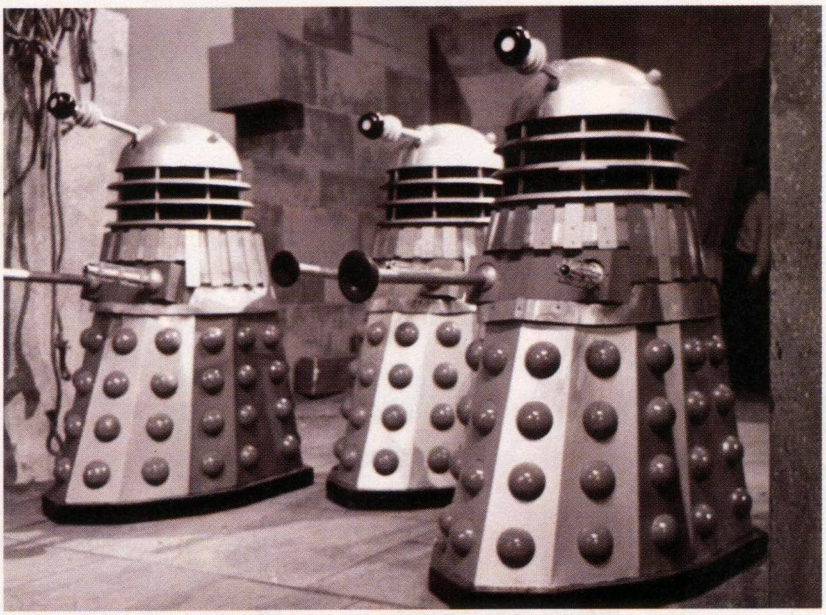


One could never accuse *Dalek Empire* writer/director Nick Briggs of subverting his source material beyond recognition, and this unpretentious adventure most definitely does what it says on the bonded polycarbide tin. Even its most apparent deviation – this being the first of Big Finish's *Doctor Who* productions not to feature the Doctor – comes after a precedent set in 1965's *Mission to the Unknown*.

Invasion of the Daleks only really thrills in one sequence – unimaginable on television – in which, following an all-out assault on human colony Vega VI, a Dalek extermination squad rolls through the ensuing nuclear winter, wiping out the moaning and coughing survivors. It's a useful example of how the grand and disturbing can be done on audio or film, but not really television – with the flipside being that the staples of TV *Doctor Who*, such as hiding from Daleks behind tables or doors, or a 60-second fight scene with a Roboman, would be unrealisable on audio.

Dalek Empire 1 gets to the core of what its stars are all about



The Daleks' Master Plan: unsophisticated Daleks take a tourist trip to Ancient Egypt. © BBC

If not thrilling, then the remainder of the production is comforting and self-affirming throughout. Briggs subscribes stoically to the naïve vision that in the future, humans will be exactly the same as they are now, except that instead of living in different countries, they will live on different planets, and will travel between them in ships with captains, pursers and lifeboats. It's a tongue-in-cheek evocation, as evidenced by the reference to Earth's space port being at Southampton, but wholly in keeping with a television series that was putting the Union Jack on its rockets into the 1970s.

This story gets to the core of what the Daleks were about in their heyday, uncontaminated by alliances, strange technologies or that Davros chap; they shatter planets, enslave whole populations and put humans to work in mines. The slaves here are overseen by shambling TV-version Robomen – nearly-but-not-quite Spike Milliganesque imbeciles, staying just on the right side of the tragi-comic divide. Dalek technology clangs and bumps, betraying their unsophisticated, quick and dirty way of getting results. There is no finesse or subtlety about Dalek methods; if their slaves die, they enslave some more. To confront one of these Daleks is not to have to deal with a sadist or zealot, but with a being who is too ignorant of human nature to exploit humans in any but the most basic way.

Of the three leads, Mark McDonnel's Alby gets the lion's share of the characterisation, and so comes across best. A no-nonsense Northener in the business of providing public transport and with experience as a cruise liner steward, he is soon mentally inseparable from Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott. Those around Alby – Tanlee, the civil servant who gives him his intelligence orders, and Pellan, the space newsreader who flits in and out of his three miraculously close escapes from the Daleks – seem selfish and duplicitous by comparison. It's only Alby's rough edges which save him from appearing unbelievably lovelorn as he embarks on his quest to rescue geologist Suz from the Daleks.

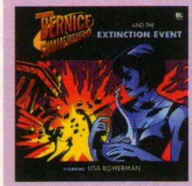
Suz herself is a lot more generic. Remember that bit in *The Time Warrior* where Linx gives Sarah ("the female") the once-over, and she gives him a mouthful in return? Suz's relationship with the Daleks is like that. She's also like Sarah in that she helps the walking wounded – and like Romana in that she's cleverer than all the other slave workers put together. But neither TV character narrated their exploits as an old lady, *Titanic*-style, which is the unobtrusive technique used succesfully here.

There are three nods to *Revelation of the Daleks*. Broadcasting, as an extra narration, works better here, especially when the slippery Pellan interviews a shell-shocked space traffic control after the initial Dalek attack. Alby, unlike Grigory, drinks *after* confronting the Daleks, which is probably healthier. And there's an old buffer who's a remnant of some long-lost order of knights – Kalendorf, played by Gareth Thomas almost indistinguishably from Lord Tamworth in *Storm Warning*.

This is unmistakeably an opening instalment. As Alby follows Suz to the Garazone system at the close, it's obvious that the Emperor and Dalek Supreme have grand designs for her, and ambitions to interact with humans as more than mere miners. I welcome this, because it seems a little spurious that a race that can create an entire new galaxy as their base of operations, or should need human slaves because Veganite (a love-it-or-hate-it yeast spread popular on Skaro, presumably) cannot be mined by machines. The Emperor is clearly up to something and I can't wait to find out what. That is central to the appeal of this mini-series; paradoxically, by ditching the Doctor, Big Finish has revived an essential part of the TV series – having to wait to find out what happens next.

As long as *Dalek Empire* acquires some more complexity and innovation, I'll be very happy. This is a rock-solid opening instalment, serving as a foundation or revision course in what inspired 1960s Dalekmania. The only lapse is an absurdity that provides considerable hilarity: newsman Pellan has, we learn, been cruising around the Vega system broadcasting "Anti-Dalek propaganda". Given that they are universally feared and reviled, and have just wasted Vega VI, I wonder just what this propaganda might comprise. 'Coming up at 11 – in documents leaked from Dalek Command, it appears that the cyborg despots have been evading galactic tax for the last three financial years. Plus, evidence that the Dalek Emperor's marriage is a sham. Back after the break.'

I mean, *really* ... DAVE OWEN



PROFESSOR BERNICE SUMMERFIELD AND THE EXTINCTION EVENT

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Lance Parkin's Benny episode is a 'now I'm silly/now I'm serious' revenge tale. The play marks Irving Braxiatel's CD début, and some rethought, on my part, on how to view him. In novels, I've always read Benny's boss, friend and mentor as something of a Doctor replacement – wise, calm and caustic. But Miles Richardson's performance has him more like Francis Urquhart; a mildly creepy character with caddish tones and very focused objectives.

The titular extinction event is the crass name for an auction of artefacts from lost civilisations, and the prize sale is the Halstad Harp. Benny and Irving Braxiatel discern the instrument is genuine, but are less sure if its guardians are such kosher pluckers. The Gulfrarg Ambassador, for one. Described like offal in a goldfish bowl, he's a slippery customer, and the subject for much of the play's humour. His gargles sound like a stomach on a vindaloo diet, and Parkin writes his race a *Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*-style overview about their propensity for expletives, and what a Gulfrarg really on form might do to the human mind. All which cues up a confrontation between cast and Ambassador, where the word 'Expletive!' is used like a pre-watershed bleeper, and substituted for every ugly phrase he uses.

An 'Expletive!' funny final to an 'Expletive!' good time. The gags aren't telegraphed by too much description, and Parkin restores some backbone to the series with some feisty shouting matches for the players.

Dignified

Nation state: Big Finish's Dalek epic continues

DALEK EMPIRE 2: THE HUMAN FACTOR

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AUTHOR Nicholas Briggs
RRP £9.99

Dalek Empire is sometimes more like Blake's 7 than Doctor Who

It's reliably claimed that when Steve Coogan was recording Radio 4's *Knowing Me, Knowing You*, he actually wore Alan Partridge's eternally naff Pringle golf jumper in order to catalyse his performance. I am in no doubt Big Finish are adopting a similar acting methodology, because I am certain I can hear the hefty Zapata moustache that actor David Sax surely gummed on in order to breathe life into Latino rebel Morebi (possibly the first instance of audible facial hair since The Grateful Dead retired). Sax's characterisation pushes the *Dalek Empire* quartet into a richer continuum than the preceding instalment of a sequence as faithfully devoid of intentional humour as the televised Terry Nation stories or the fondly-remembered TV21 Dalek comic strips. I stress "intentional" humour here, because when Morebi's band of rebels start chanting "Death to the Daleks! Death to the Daleks!", most listeners, I speculate, will immediately associate the words with an undistinguished late Jon Pertwee adventure, rather than a cry to arms. One only has to be mildly puerile to spend the rest of the day wandering around chanting "The Monster of Peladon! The Monster of Peladon!", like Monty Python's Spam-loving Vikings. I know I did, anyway.

Being around 300 minutes' worth of 1960s-rooted sound-only planet-hopping with the Daleks trying to take over the universe as male and female space 007s try to outwit them, it's impossible for *Dalek Empire* to avoid comparison with *The Daleks' Master Plan* (itself released on CD slap bang in the middle of this quartet). *The Human Factor* acquits itself well by continuing to slowly explore its concepts and characters. After the steady foundation-laying of *Invasion of the Daleks*, I was expecting an immediate tangential revelation – but instead, there is a continued, measured depiction of the scenario, altogether more dignified than the cunning stunts that Dennis Spooner played on Terry Nation's epic storyline of 1965-66.

The identity of *Invasion of the Daleks*' elderly narrator is now explicitly revealed – perhaps because the potential for ambiguity has become exhausted, or maybe because it adds more poignancy to such observations that the Dalek Supreme, feet away from Suz's younger self, could not possibly have a soul, and yet sees deep into the heart of her. Such poetry is not confined to the humans, with the Daleks adopting the epithet granted Suz by the humans she has saved – a sort of 'Schindler in space'. Oddly, for a race that elsewhere adopted such military formalisms as "The O-meg-a De-vice", they make Suz's folk label, "The An-gel of Mer-cy", sound quite natural.

A welcome dignity pervades this instalment's structure, too, with an initial 20 minutes concentrating on Suz and Kalendorf, using flashbacks to indicate what they've been up to over the six months since the previous disc. A complementary section brings the listener up to date on Alby – who, bearing out your correspondent's earlier comparison with John Prescott, delivers a swift inside right to Pellan when he aggravates him. These distinct strands emphasise the fated lovers' separation perfectly, and make the subsequent intercutting and eventual near-meeting all the more poignant.

With planets exhibiting a single climatic feature or ruling family, tiny scout ships containing hibernating travellers, slavery, planetary engineering, captured alien craft and remote bands of rebels being unified, this is at times more like *Blake's 7* than *Doctor Who*. Yet as in *Blake's 7's* opening season, *Dalek Empire* allows Terry Nation's themes to emerge, dominate and succeed unopposed.

Is this purely homage to Nation? Not quite. Norms are inverted very successfully, firstly when a lone Dalek is tortured to death by a gang of rebels, and later when Alby and Pellan find not Daleks but Earth Alliance troops cutting through the bulkheads of their ship. And a grown man never broke down and cried in one of Nation's adventures. Nevertheless, it all feels perfectly apt.

Dave Owen

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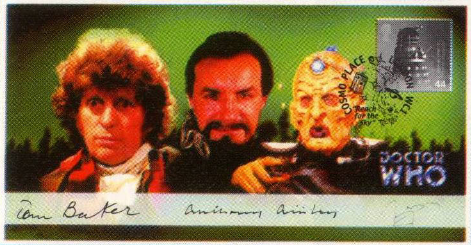

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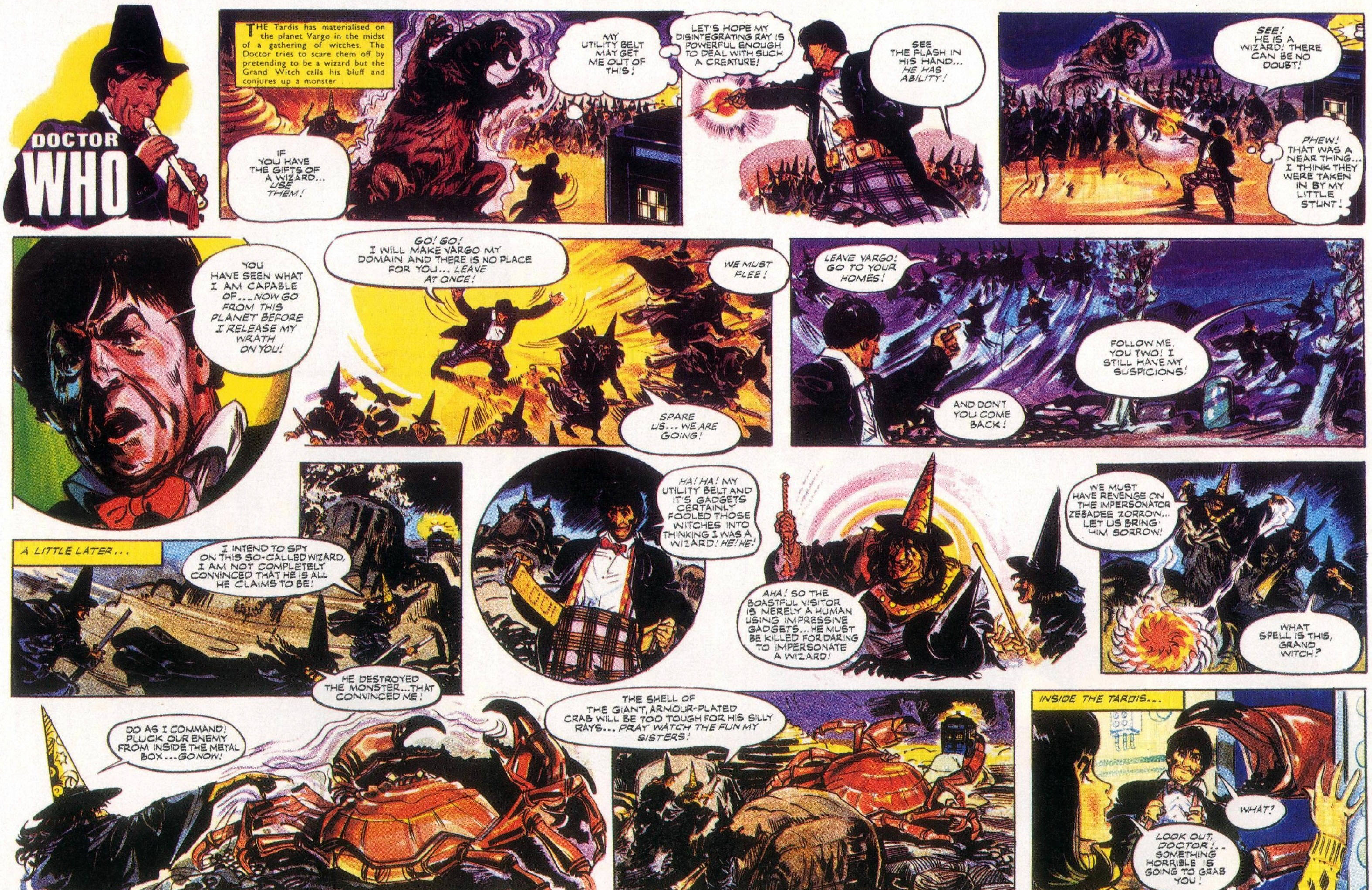
The Witches Part Two

More of this 1960s classic from the pages of *TV Comic!*


DOCTOR WHO
THE Tardis has materialised on the planet Vargo in the midst of a gathering of witches. The Doctor tries to scare them off by pretending to be a wizard but the Grand Witch calls his bluff and conjures up a monster
IF YOU HAVE THE GIFTS OF A WIZARD... *USE THEM!*
MY UTILITY BELT MAY GET ME OUT OF THIS!
LET'S HOPE MY DISINTEGRATING RAY IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH SUCH A CREATURE!
SEE THE FLASH IN HIS HAND... *HE HAS ABILITY!*
SEE! HE IS A WIZARD! THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT!
PHEW! THAT WAS A NEAR THING... I THINK THEY WERE TAKEN IN BY MY LITTLE STUNT!
YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT I AM CAPABLE OF... *NOW GO FROM THIS PLANET BEFORE I RELEASE MY WRATH ON YOU!*
GO! GO! I WILL MAKE VARGO MY DOMAIN AND THERE IS NO PLACE FOR YOU... *LEAVE AT ONCE!*
WE MUST FLEE!
SPARE US... WE ARE GOING!
LEAVE VARGO! GO TO YOUR HOMES!
FOLLOW ME, YOU TWO! I STILL HAVE MY SUSPICIONS!
AND DON'T YOU COME BACK!
A LITTLE LATER...
I INTEND TO SPY ON THIS SO-CALLED WIZARD, I AM NOT COMPLETELY CONNINCED THAT HE IS ALL HE CLAIMS TO BE!
HE DESTROYED THE MONSTER... THAT CONVINCED ME!
HA! HA! MY UTILITY BELT AND IT'S GADGETS CERTAINLY FOOLED THOSE WITCHES INTO THINKING I WAS A WIZARD! *HE! HE!*
AHA! SO THE BOASTFUL VISITOR IS MERELY A HUMAN USING IMPRESSIVE GADGETS... HE MUST BE KILLED FOR DARING TO IMPERSONATE A WIZARD!
WE MUST HAVE REVENGE ON THE IMPERSONATOR ZEBADEE ZORROW... LET US BRING HIM SORROW!
WHAT SPELL IS THIS, GRAND WITCH?
DO AS I COMMAND! PLUCK OUR ENEMY FROM INSIDE THE METAL BOX... GO NOW!
THE SHELL OF THE GIANT, ARMOUR-PLATED CRAB WILL BE TOO TOUGH FOR HIS SILLY RAYS... *PRAY WATCH THE FUN MY SISTERS!*
INSIDE THE TARDIS...
WHAT?
LOOK OUT, DOCTOR!.. SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS GOING TO GRAB YOU!

To be continued ...

It's the end, but ...

by The Watcher

Friends, you find me immersed in that uncomfortable admixture of guilty satisfaction and all-out embarrassment which, in my case at least, traditionally follows the granting of that most curious of social phenomena, the autograph. Or to rephrase that in a frankly less Pip and Jane sort of way, someone has just come to the stage door and asked me to sign their programme.

This sort of thing happens even to the lowliest of strolling players, and only the most miserably misanthropic of us would ever have the gall to suggest that it's anything other than a pleasant experience. It's flattering and it's lovely, and it tends to leave one feeling very warmly disposed towards the world in general, and the autographee in particular. But the signing of an autograph can also be, through no fault on either party's behalf, a strangely discomfiting experience too.

Colin Baker tells an anecdote about himself and his namesake, Tom, discussing the pros and cons of autographs over a quiet dinner during an American convention tour back in the early 1990s. It appears that the two Bakers, doubtless employing rather less circumlocutory volubility than the lexicographically papilionaceous pair I mentioned earlier, were not in accord. Tom went so far as to argue that autographs were demeaning to the fans, and declared that he didn't much like signing them, preferring to chat instead. Colin, on the other hand, pointed out that fans really do appreciate getting their autographs, and regardless of the actor's feelings, it's nice to give people what they want.

The signing of an autograph can be a strangely discomfiting experience

I find myself sympathising with both points of view. Colin's right, because if you're being wined, dined and fêted by fans, then who on earth are you to refuse a few autographs here and there? But Tom's right too, because – and here's the rub – the signing of an autograph opens a curious social contract which seems to create the conditions of an odd and not altogether palatable power-relationship.

I've worked with stars who, as would become obvious during furtive stage-door exits after the show, really, really hated giving autographs. Not, I stress, because they were grumpy old buggers, but simply because the attention that their celebrity attracted was exponentially linked to the genuine sense of embarrassment I mentioned earlier. Actors, fundamentally insecure creatures that they tend to be, have no problem laying themselves bare to the public on stage or screen, but they often feel desperately uncomfortable at the idea of being cornered on a one-to-one basis while slinking away from the stage door in jeans and a T-shirt.

And then there's the fact that most actors (not all of them, but let's not name names) are thankfully equipped with a very healthy sense of good old-fashioned unworthiness. I'm well aware that my life would be unbearable were I to be denied the services of doctors, postmen, refuse collectors, or indeed the man who came last month to fix some faulty wiring in our septic tank (and announced, much to my delight, that he needed to "reverse the polarity" – so I can now claim with considerable accuracy that he's reversed the polarity of the poo-tank flow). These people's lives, on the other hand, carry on perfectly well in the absence of my professional input. Real nurses and teachers are paid a scandalous fraction of the salaries commanded by pretend nurses and teachers on *Casualty* or *Grange Hill*, and that's a state of affairs which it's frankly difficult to justify. (That said, I feel I ought to banish any idea that we all get the same sort of money as Brad Pitt – the notion that most actors are wealthy is a myth beyond absurdity, as my hapless bank manager knows only too well.)

Now, don't get me wrong – actors have just as much right as anyone else to take pride in their careers, and I'm secure in the knowledge that we provide an invaluable input into the social fabric; in fact, I can get quite boring on that subject after a couple of pints. But you can understand why it's possible for us to experience a degree of discomfort and embarrassment at the fact that our profession, unlike those of brain surgeons or aid workers or any one of a thousand more practically essential jobs, enjoys the added privilege of built-in applause and acclaim. Quite naturally, just like everyone else, actors take kindly to being treated with respect, but most of us feel a trifle unsettled if that respect turns to awe. Awe can do your head in. Ludicrous though the following fact assuredly is to both you and me, I have from time to time found myself on the receiving end of awe. Awe is a nightmare. It's very difficult to know how to respond to awe.

There's a lovely story about John Wayne on the set of 1965's Biblical epic *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Called upon to utter the Centurion's famous line "Truly this man was the Son of God", Wayne was instructed to go for a retake, but this time to deliver the line "with awe". Legend has it that when the director called "Action!", out came the deathless line: "Awww, truly this man was the Son of God." (Sorry, bit of a digression there, but I couldn't resist it.)

So perhaps that's why Tom Baker, and indeed several other *Doctor Who* notables who are lavished with more brain-bending quantities of awe than you or I could ever imagine, are not wholly in love with the idea of signing autographs. It's not that they want to deny their fans anything – it's quite the opposite. In a funny sort of way, I think it's because they have more respect for their fans than an autograph could ever imply. They'd rather talk to fans and shake them by the hand. They'd like to be our equals, not our gods.

The Watcher DWM

The Final Test

"Answer! Answer! Answer!" Thus spake the Daleks.
But it could just as easily apply to you and this month's 'just-for-fun' imposs-o-quiz ...

What connects:

1 A big-screen Thal, a competent mechanical engineer and a refugee from Raaga [pictured]?
2 A pirate, a tribesman and a haunted beacon?
3 *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, *The Ambassadors of Death*, *Planet of the Spiders* and *The Androids of Tara*?
4 A vampire from space, a planet of death and a race of tinfoil invaders?
5 A prison guard, an Antarctic voice and a pagan policeman?
6 *The Chase*, *Logopolis*, *Delta and the Bannermen* and no others?

Answers from last issue

1 All called Spencer (*The Faceless Ones*; *The War Games*, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*)
2 They all name-drop HG Wells
3 The actors who play them (Duncan Lamont, Paul Whitsun-Jones, Roger Delgado, John Stratton, Richard Shaw, Ralph Arliss, Tony Sibbald) all appeared in various of the *Quatermass* TV serials
4 *Galaxy 4*; Sirius 4 (the Master's assumed identity in *Frontier in Space*); Storm Mine 4 (*The Robots of Death*); Seabase 4 (*Warriors of the Deep*)
5 Named after characters from Greek mythology: Hecate (*Nightmare of Eden*); Cerberus (*Battlefield*); Demeter (*The Trial of a Time Lord*); Ganymede (*Revenge of the Cybermen*); Megara (*The Stones of Blood*)
6 Add an 'r' to the first of each pair to get the second: Thalia (*Arc of Infinity*)/Thalira (*The Monster of Peladon*); Taron (*Planet of the Daleks*)/Tarron (*The Keys of Marinus*); Thera (*The Time Monster*)/Therra (*The Greatest Show In the Galaxy*)

Grayswandir

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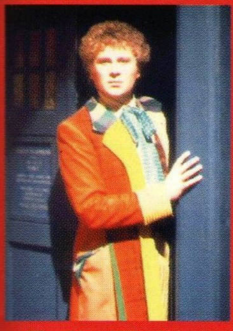

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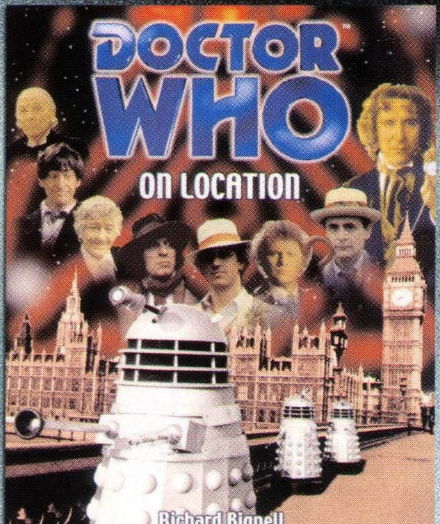
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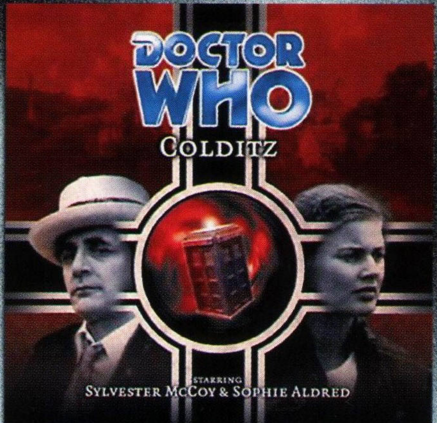
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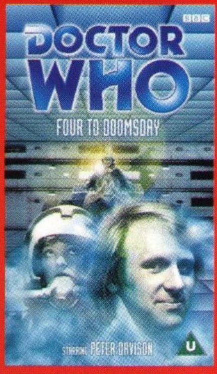
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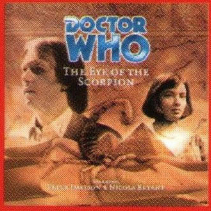
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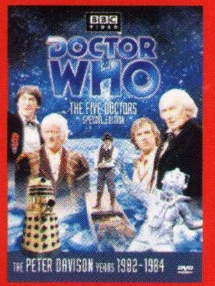
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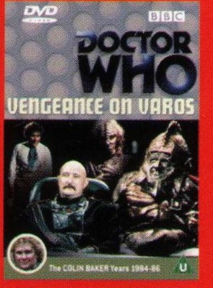
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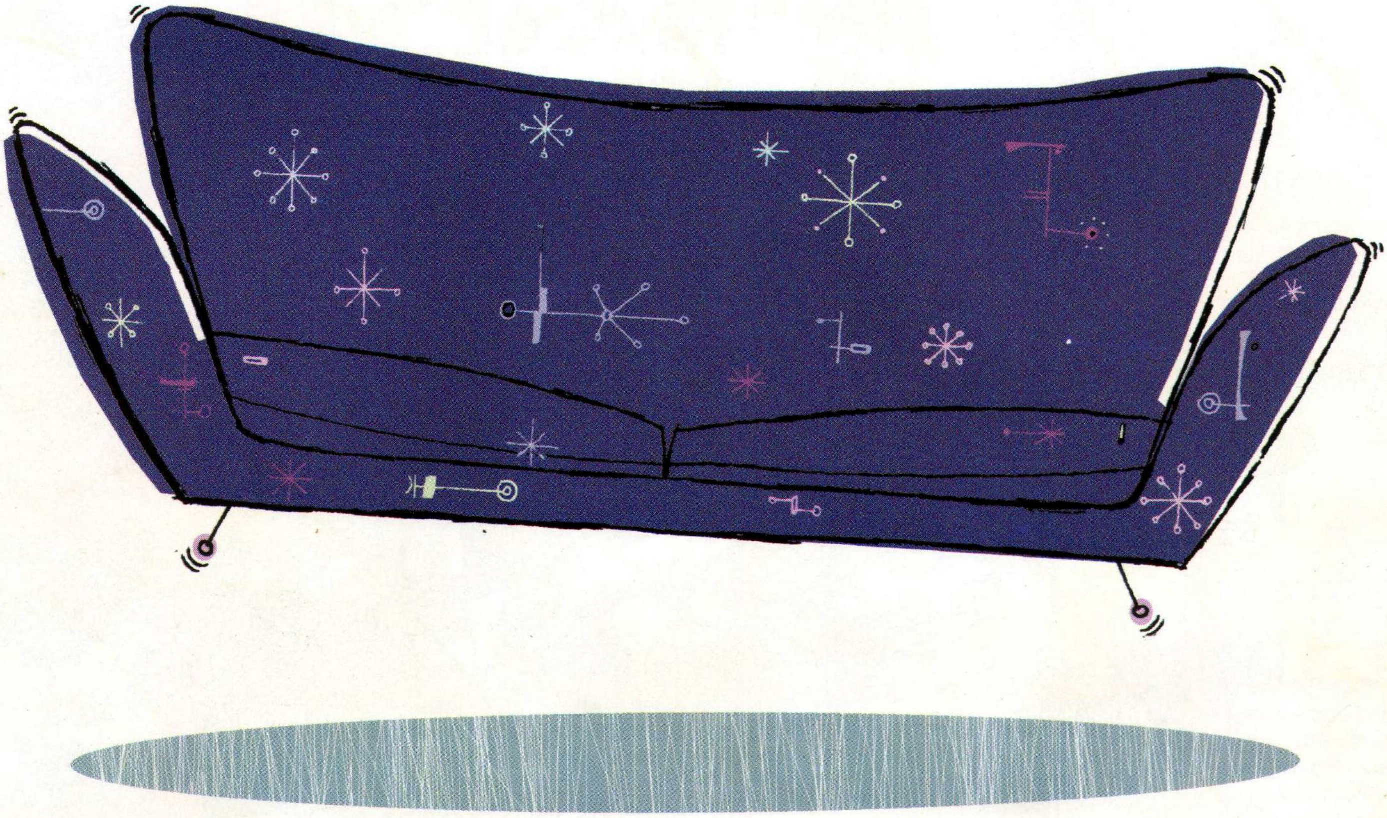

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